

The Sketch

No. 1007.—Vol. LXXVIII.

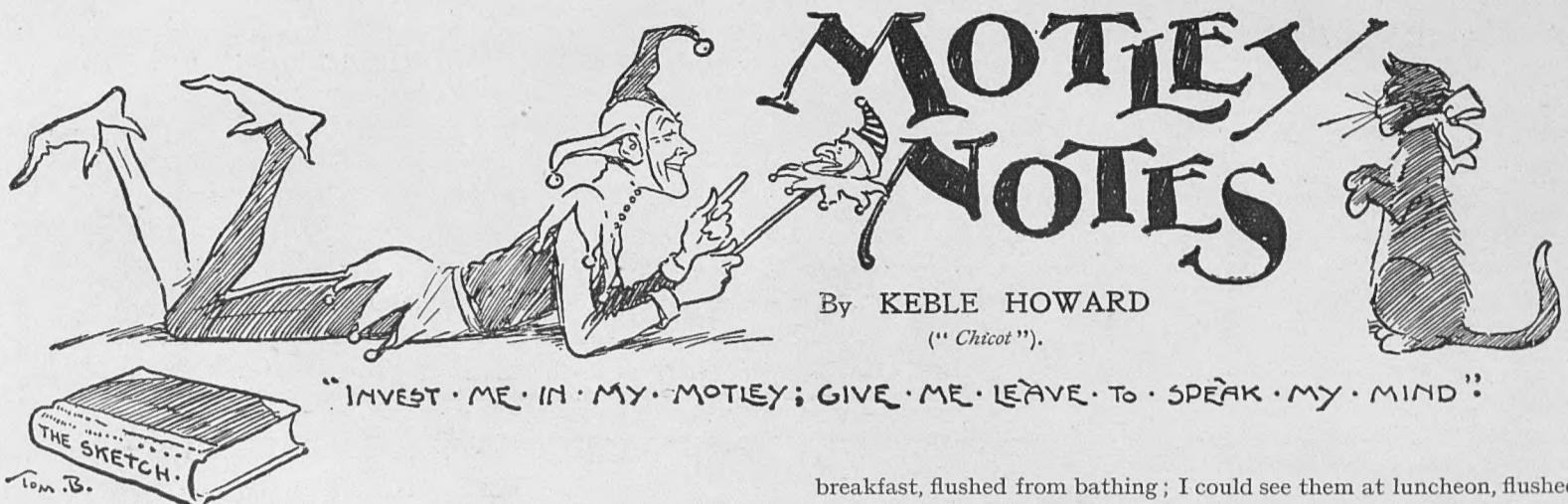
WEDNESDAY, MAY 15, 1912.

SIXPENCE.



A DOG WHICH HAS SEEN THE SOUTH POLE: "OBERST," OF THE AMUNDSEN EXPEDITION, WITH HIS FRIEND OSCAR WISTING.

When the five men of the Amundsen Expedition who reached the Geographical South Pole set out for that goal they were accompanied by fifty-two dogs and had four sledges and provisions for four months. Eleven of the dogs survived the whole journey and returned safely to Framheim, amongst them "Oberst" ("Colonel"), the oldest and biggest of the pack. To his dogs Captain Amundsen attributes a great part of his success. We may note here, by the way, that a very remarkable series of photographs of Captain Amundsen's journey to the South Pole, including two of the South Pole itself, will be published in a special supplement in the issue of the "Illustrated London News" of this week. They form an extraordinary record of a very extraordinary journey, well called "the Last of the Great Quests."



How I Found It. You may remember, friend the reader, that I was searching for the ideal seaside resort. My passionate plea for information on the subject, appearing on this page, brought me replies from every part of the British Isles, and even from the Continent and the Colonies. I thanked my kindly correspondents once before; I do so again to-day.

And yet, after all, I heard of the place to which I eventually drifted, not through the post, but across a Sunday supper-table. I was visiting some young friends of mine who have been married a little more than a year. The topic of the ideal seaside resort, of course, soon came to the front.

"Oh," they cried, with one voice, "we know the very place! We spent the first week of our honeymoon there! You'll love it! You'll never, never want to come away! Quiet, but not too quiet; very bracing; no niggers; no picture postcards; the very thing!"

Off I went, the next day. At a quarter-past seven, on a chilly evening, I stepped out of the train on to a wayside platform. No other passengers alighted. This was fortunate, since there was only one fly. I climbed into the fly, buttoned my overcoat tightly around me, and we began to crawl forward over the bleak downs. It was very hilly, and the driver presently adjusted the "skid" . . . Bang!

"What's wrong?" I cried.

"Nothing, Sir. Only the chain broke."

The Cautious Longshoreman. At the bottom of the hill we came to the sea. This was very nice, but my attention was rather taken off the sea by a notice on the other side of the road that read—

"ROAD DANGEROUS."

My driver paid not the slightest heed to the warning. We bumped forward through the fast-gathering gloom, and pulled up at the hotel.

I have never seen an hotel quite so near to the sea. It was not in it, but so nearly in it that one felt the intervening space might be wiped out at any moment. As a matter of fact, I learned from the manager that the intervening space is constantly being wiped out by the waves, and as constantly renewed by the patient directors at vast expense.

A boatman corroborated this next morning. "You'd oughter 'ave bin 'ere last October," he said. "If the wind 'ad kep' on blowing another day or two the way it was blowing then, there wouldn't 'ave bin no hotel left nor nothing else!" I thanked him for the friendly thought, and assured him that I did not in the least regret having missed the splendid storm of the previous October.

"Doesn't it make you nervous," I asked, "to think that some night you may be washed out of your bed and carried away to sea?"

"Not me!" he retorted, with an artful grin. "I knows too much fer that. I lives a mile inland."

My Soldier Boy. There were no other visitors staying in the hotel at the moment, so that I had the dining-room to myself. I looked around me, and peopled the tables with the August and September crowd. I could see them all quite clearly—the honeymooners at that little table for two in the corner; the long-married couple at that table for two in the centre; the father, mother, family, and nurse at that big table at the other end; the father, mother, grown-up daughters, and admirers of the grown-up daughters at that other big table. I could see them all at

breakfast, flushed from bathing; I could see them at luncheon, flushed from climbing the cliffs; and I could see them at dinner, flushed from all sorts of reasons. They were a happy, healthy crowd—a crowd who would look back for many and many a summer to the jolly, careless holiday in this out-of-the-way spot.

Not only did I have the dining-room to myself; I had also the waiter to myself. I could see at a glance that he had recently taken to this ordeal of waitering; he had Thomas Atkins written all over him. Tall, moustached, bronzed, he was the most nervous thing in waiters I have ever struck. A nice fellow, mind you, for all that. A fellow who handed the potatoes with the air of a general, and tip-toed across the floor with the sympathetic interest of a night-nurse. "My Soldier Boy" I called him in my mind—a great relief, let me assure you, after years of paying stiff prices to teach the English language to little people from Switzerland.

Inquire Within. Naturally enough, I drew him into conversation.

"Can I send a telegram?"

"Certainly, Sir."

"That's very good. Up to what hour can I send telegrams from here?"

"Well, up to any hour, Sir." (I think he meant that I could telephone up to any hour, but am not sure.)

Again. "You have two Maçons on your wine-list. One is marked three-and-six; the other, two-and-six. What is the difference?"

"One shilling, Sir."

"I know, but I don't mean that. Why do you charge three-and-six for one wine, and two-and-six for the other? They have no vintages against them."

"I will inquire, Sir." He retired for a moment, and returned beaming. "They are two different wines, Sir."

"Thank you. Bring me a telegraph-form, will you? Thanks. What is the date?"

"The date, Sir? I—I think it's Wednesday."

Presently I pointed to the last item on the menu. "What is this, waiter?"

He took up the menu and studied it with care. "Oh, that is a savoury, Sir." "Yes, I know. But what sort of savoury?" "I'm not quite sure, Sir, but I should say liver."

A constant delight in waiters.

His Majesty's Mails.

We had six posts a day in this wonderful place—three in and three out. For four of them the local carrier was responsible. I travelled alongside of him to the nearest town and back. The vehicle was a sort of omnibus, drawn by two horses. The inside was packed with men, women, and children. On the box-seat rode myself, my other and nobler self, and the driver. In front of us rested a huge sheet of glass, and all around our feet were parcels innumerable. On the roof were three trusses of hay, a man, a boy, and many other oddments.

"I goes in twice a day," said the driver, "and I comes out twice a day. I takes the mails, and I fetches the mails. No matter what the weather, I 'as to go by reason of the mails. When we gets snowed up—and that 'appens oftener than what you'd think—I takes the mails on me back and leads the 'orses across the fields. If there's any ladies, they 'as to make their way to the nearest 'ouse or hinn. I shouldn't call it a easy life, nor I shouldn't call it a 'ard life. It suits me, an' it suits the 'orses, an' that's all there is to it. . . . Ninepence apiece, Sir, and thank you."

THE WEAVER OF THE SILVER TURBAN—BY HERSELF.

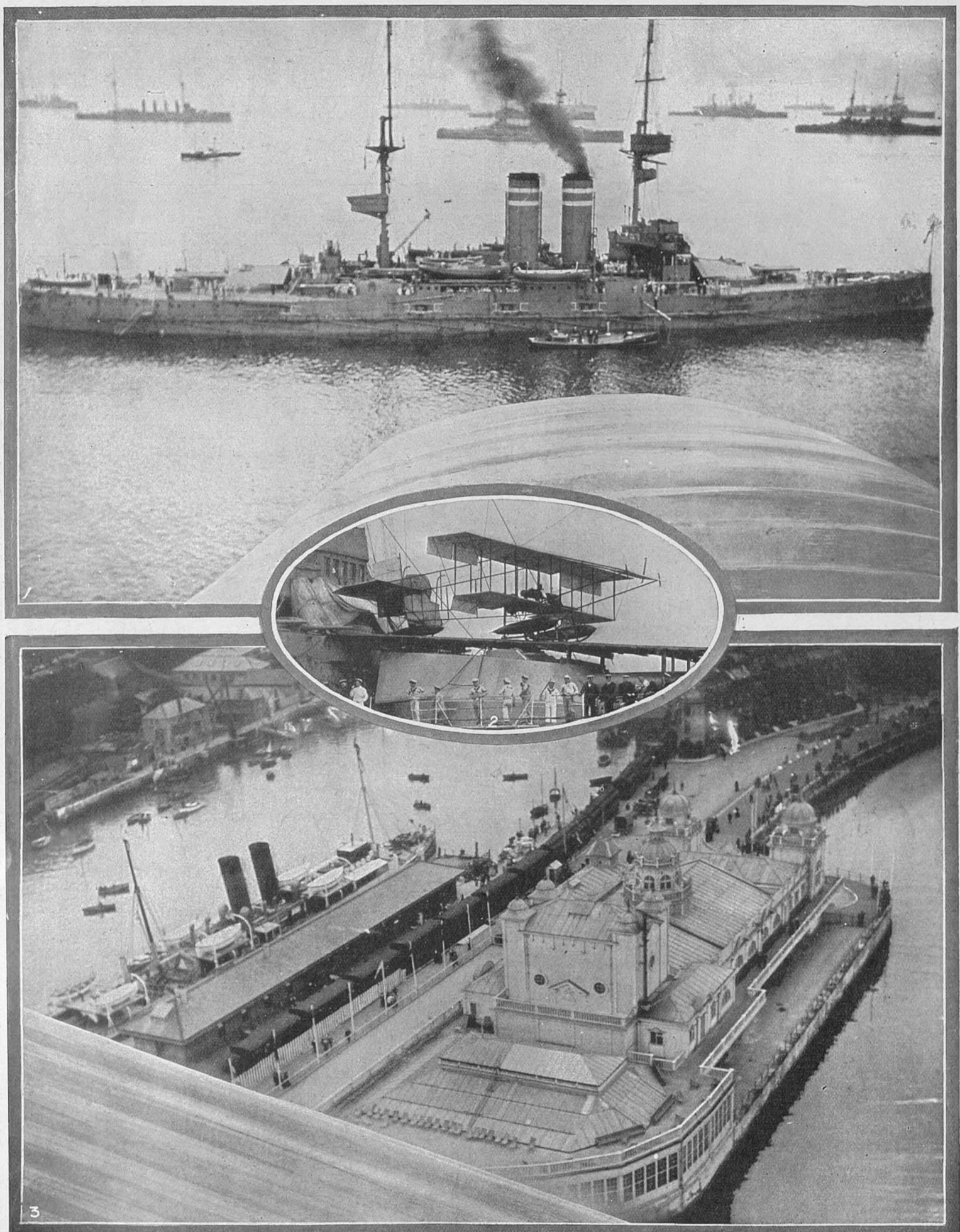


63485. Germany.

THE ARTIST-WIFE OF A FAMOUS PAINTER: MRS. JOHN LAVERY.

As our drawing shows, Mrs. Lavery, wife of the well-known A.R.A. whose "The Silver Turban," and "La Mort du Cygne: Anna Pavlova," more especially, are amongst the most notable exhibits at the Royal Academy, is herself no mean artist. It is interesting to note that she is the wearer of the Silver Turban. A photograph of Mrs. Lavery is given on another page of this number.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A CASTLE IN THE AIR! THE FLEET.



1. PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN AEROPLANE MANOEUVRING ABOVE THEM: VESSELS OF THE GREAT FLEET AT WEYMOUTH.

2. H.M.S. "AMPHIBIAN": THE NAVY'S REMARKABLE "SHORT" HYDRO-AEROPLANE ON THE LAUNCHING PLATFORM OF H.M.S. "HIBERNIA."

3. PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A MONOPLANE WHICH FLEW OVER THE FLEET: WEYMOUTH PIER AND A CROSS-CHANNEL STEAMER.

It seems superfluous to say at this time of day that flights by naval airmen were a great feature of the King's inspection of his fleet last week. Commander Samson, for example, flying the hydro-aeroplane, H.M.S. "Amphibian," which is at home both in the air and on the water, gave a remarkable demonstration, alighting on the water near the royal yacht, and disembarking into a dinghy a passenger whom he had brought with him, that that passenger might deliver a letter to the King. After this feat he rose again into the air. Lieutenant Gregory, circling about the royal yacht, dropped, as near to it as safety permitted, a dummy bomb, represented by 300 lb. of iron. Later he made a vol-plané towards a submerged submarine, to prove that he could have dropped explosives upon it. Unofficial, but none the less interesting, flights were made by Mr. Grahame White and Mr. Hucks. The two large photographs on this page were taken by Mr. Ivor Castle, while he was a passenger on Mr. Grahame White's Nieuport monoplane. Part of one of the wings of the aeroplane is seen in each case.—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.]

CHEERED ON LANDING: THE WHITE STAR CHAIRMAN HOME.



GREETED SYMPATHETICALLY AT LIVERPOOL: MR. AND MRS. BRUCE ISMAY LEAVING THE "ADRIATIC."

Mr. J. Bruce Ismay, the Chairman of the White Star Line, who met with such extraordinary treatment at the hands of a large section of the United States Press after he had been saved from the "Titanic" and while he was giving evidence before the American Commission of Inquiry into that disaster, had a most sympathetic reception as he left the liner "Adriatic" at Liverpool on Saturday of last week, in company with his wife. Both were cheered heartily by a large crowd as they walked down the gangway of the vessel. Mr. Ismay asked the newspaper representatives not to press for any statement from him, "First, because he is still suffering from the very great strain of the 'Titanic' disaster and subsequent events; again, because he gave before the American Commission a plain and unvarnished statement of facts, which have been fully reported, and also because his evidence before the British Court of Inquiry should not be anticipated." In the foreground of the photograph is Sir John Hare, who has just come back from Canada; behind the famous actor are Mr. and Mrs. Ismay, the former carrying an umbrella.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

HIS MAJESTY'S. Proprietor, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. EVERY EVENING this week at 8. Shakespeare's OTHELLO.

Othello HERBERT TREE
Iago	LAURENCE IRVING
Desdemona	PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY

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TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

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ABROAD AND AT HOME: A GERMAN DIPLOMAT, AN ITALIAN COUP, AND A NEW CLUB.

Baron Marschall von Bieberstein.

Germany's Ambassador at Constantinople has been recalled to Berlin from his post on the Golden Horn, and we are to see him in London, perhaps as a special envoy, perhaps installed at Carlton House Terrace. If he is to be the German Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, London will be all the richer for the presence in her midst of a most able diplomatist and a most sunny personality.

A Sunny Personality. Once, travelling on the Orient Express, I was for quite a large number of hours brought into contact with Baron von Bieberstein, for my companion on that occasion was a King's Messenger well known to him, and as we had the next table to that of the Ambassador in the restaurant-car, and sat with him afterwards in the smoking-car, I

had plenty of opportunities of forming an opinion as to his personality. He was returning to his post after a visit to Berlin, and was in high good-humour, and there was a sense of good-natured power about him that one finds only in very successful Proconsuls. He is a fine specimen of a man, tall and broad and healthy, and I can quite understand what an impression

RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ACCURACY OF THE "REVENGE" AT SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND, EARL'S COURT:

MR. J. SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A.

Shakespeare's England at Earl's Court contains a reconstruction of the "Revenge," the ship famous as having flown Drake's flag from January 3, 1588, and as having watched for the "Felicissima Armada" from May 23 till July 12; more famous still as the ship which, under Sir Richard Grenville, fought the "Armada of the King of Spaine." For the accuracy of this Mr. J. Seymour Lucas, R.A., the famous artist, is responsible. The "Revenge" is dealt with in exceptionally interesting manner in the current issue of "The Illustrated London News."

Photograph by Swaine.

this big, good-natured German, knowing exactly what he wanted and determined to obtain it by pleasant means, had upon the diplomatists of the Near East.

German Influence in Constantinople. In Constantinople itself one feels, without being specifically told so, that the German influence overrides that of any other Western Power. One has to ask where the French and British Embassies are situated. There is no missing the German Embassy. It stands up high on the crest of a hill, and on each of the corners of its roof is a big eagle. It seems to dominate the modern quarter of Pera. And in the clubs and in the places where men talk of business Germany seems to come into every question. An American representing a syndicate that wished to obtain some concessions in Asia Minor, and who had waited week after week for a favourable answer, told me of his hopeless



WRITER OF STORIES DICTATED TO HER BY DEAD AUTHORS: MRS. E. DE CAMP.

Mrs. de Camp, of New York, claims to write stories while under the domination of the dead. Some of those she declares to have been dictated to her by the spirit of the late Frank R. Stockton, author of "Rudder Grange," and other works, have just been published. Her case is attracting considerable attention, and details of it have been published in the Journal of the Society for Psychical Research.

Englishman unless he has a yacht of his own, but two lines of steamers from Smyrna ply to it, and I fancy there is a fairly large French colony on the island. The Colossus of Rhodes occurs to one's mind in connection with the island, and there was a celebrated siege of the capital of the island, when the Knights of St. John repulsed the Turks and killed some ninety thousand of them. This and the

quest and added, "I suppose the Germans don't want us to have it"; and I fancy that every subject of any other Power who has wanted anything from Turkey, and has not got it, ascribes the refusal to the influence of Baron von Bieberstein—which is indirectly a great compliment to his power.

The Island of Rhodes.

I can imagine the stir at midday on the Corso at Rome when the afternoon papers came out with the news that the big island of Rhodes had been seized by the Italians. It will be a new name to print on the ribbons of the sailor-hats which the little boys and little girls of Italy wear, and there will be an immense amount

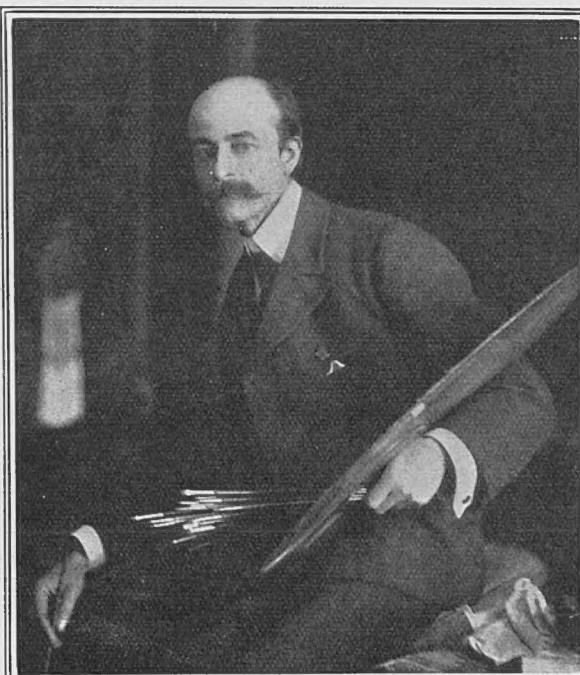
of drawing of big maps including the island, to be put up in the moving-picture palaces and the cafés. Rhodes is a little out of the beat of the travelling



TO COME TO ENGLAND—AND WHAT THEN? BARON MARSCHALL VON BIEBERSTEIN.

At the moment of writing there is considerable speculation as to the reported coming visit of Baron Marschall von Bieberstein to this country. Some say he is to be Ambassador in succession to the present German representative here, the popular Count Wolff Metternich; others that his mission will be "special," designed to increase the friendly feeling between Germany and Great Britain. Baron Marschall von Bieberstein was appointed Ambassador at Constantinople in 1897, and has a great reputation as a diplomatist. He is a Badener by birth and in his seventieth year. In 1890 he followed Count Herbert von Bismarck as Foreign Secretary.

Photograph by Biever.



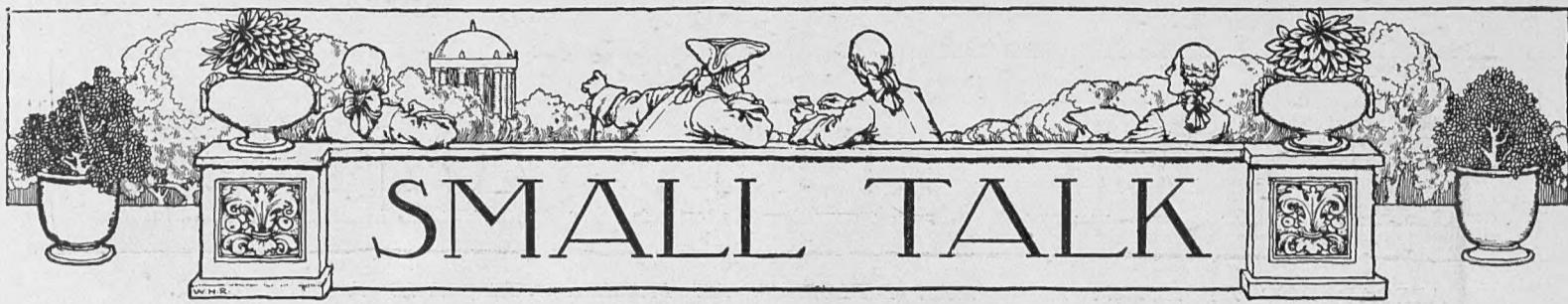
PAINTER OF THE COMMAND PICTURE OF THE CORONATION OF KING GEORGE AND QUEEN MARY: MR. JOHN H. F. BACON, A.R.A.

The King and Queen, and scores of others who figure in the painting, sat specially to Mr. Bacon. The resulting very interesting canvas, which is eleven feet by eighteen, is one of the "sights" of the present Royal Academy. To get his details of the ceremony, Mr. Bacon watched it from a place specially reserved for him in the Abbey, on the north side of the Sacraum, behind the tombs of Aymer de Valence and Aveline of Lancaster. Some reproductions of his sketches appear in this week's "Illustrated London News."—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]

fact that Rhodian ware is most attractive to collectors of old china, is, I think, all the ordinary Englishman of the present day knows about the island. Its loss to the Turks, however, will be a blow to the prestige of the nation, and they cannot disturb Italy in her occupation of the island, nor will that occupation be a source of annoyance to the other European Powers.

A Club Experiment.

Captain Harry Wombwell, who for so many years was the popular secretary of Boodle's Club, has taken in hand the Mermaid Club at the Shakespeare's England Exhibition at Earl's Court, and hopes to make it the smartest and best dining-club in London. If he succeeds, as he probably will, he will accomplish a great feat of organisation. Captain Wombwell has as his right-hand man in the restaurant M. Emile Aoust, whom many clubmen will remember as the presiding genius at the short-lived Amphitryon Club.



ONE of the explanations of Mr. Bacon's alleged difficulties in Paris is said to be the official scrutiny of the list of personal friends invited to receptions at the American Embassy. Republican officials do not like their wives to encounter the cold stare of more aristocratic women-folk. It follows that an Ambassador's visitors' book must be censored. But it is forgotten that both groups are adept in offering affronts. Mme. Steinheil might have told things of President Faure, for instance, showing the temper of a man of the people who is "up." Once, when entertaining a Grand Duchess at the Elysée, he had himself served before the Princess on the ground that Louis XIV. followed that rule. Mme. Steinheil does remark that "the Tsar struck me as more unassuming than the President." Happily, Mr. Whitelaw Reid has fewer problems in Park Lane, where Duchesses and Labour Members rather enjoy jostling one another.

*Ambassad-
orial.*

Ambassadors and their addresses are passing through a period of unsteadiness, and not for the first time. Mr. Bryce's predecessors have before now plunged

loved and left to the nation. Failing the Whistler, the whereabouts of which is shrouded in mystery,



AUTHOR OF "SHARROW": FREIFRAU VON HUTTEN ZUM STOLZENBERG.

The Baroness von Huttent, wife of the Freiherr von Huttent, Chamberlain to the King of Bavaria, was born at Erie, Pennsylvania, daughter of John Riddle. She has a son and a daughter. As novelist she is known, especially, as author of "Pam" and "What Became of Pam." She gives her recreations as singing and the piano.

Photograph by Hoppé.

*A Case for
Hanging.*

Mr. "Robbie" Ross has turned the tables very prettily on Sir Philip Burne-Jones, who wrote to the *Times* the other day protesting against the hanging of Lady Colin Campbell's portrait in the National Gallery or National Portrait Gallery. "Why there?" he demanded. "It is a bad painting." Whereupon Mr. Ross reminds Sir Philip that he has often damned a picture on account of an ugly subject, and should, on the other hand, see merit in a work that has beauty for its sole motive. From infancy, Sir Philip has been taught to shun ugliness and seek beauty. At a period when his son had to be put in the corner, Sir Edward Burne-Jones decorated that penal portion of the room with quaint and charming drawings, so that Philip might not waste time over the repeating pattern of the wall-paper. And, moreover, Sir Philip knew Lady Colin. He is, perhaps, the only friend

of hers who would ask for the rejection of her portrait, which she herself



ENGAGED TO MR. THOMAS RALPH MERTON: MISS MARJORY SAWYER.

Miss Sawyer is the younger daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. W. H. Sawyer, of Elbury, Maidenhead. Mr. Merton is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Merton, of 18, Grosvenor Street.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

Boldini's portrait, it will be generally admitted, is no unfitting memorial.

*A Literary
Marriage.*

Lord St. Cyres, who has hitherto wooed history-books and embraced High Church principles, may be said to be making something of a literary marriage, for Miss Dorothy Morrison's father, the late Alfred Morrison, was a great collector, and her home, Fonthill, is full of memories of Beckford, the once much-read author of "Vathek." Disraeli the younger was delighted when Beckford told him one night at the opera that he revelled in "Contarini Fleming," and now Fonthill says a still happier word to the grandson of Disraeli's old colleague, Sir Stafford Northcote, first Earl of Iddesleigh. Lord St. Cyres cannot boast that "his only books were women's looks"; for he has one or two solid volumes to his credit, and his contributions to the "Encyclopædia Britannica" might easily fill another. A celibate until forty-three, Lord St. Cyres has been congratulated on exchanging the role of saint for that of husband.



ARTIST-WIFE OF A FAMOUS ARTIST: MRS. JOHN LAVERY.

Mrs. Lavery, as we remark under her portrait of herself, published on another page of this number, is the wearer of the Silver Turban, in her husband's picture of that name, now on exhibition at the Royal Academy.



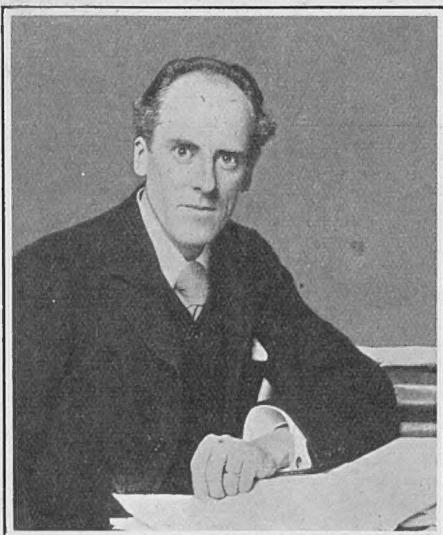
ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN CYRIL FRANCIS HAWLEY, 60TH RIFLES: MISS URSULA MARY ST. JOHN.

Miss St. John is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry St. John, of 64, Eccleston Square.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

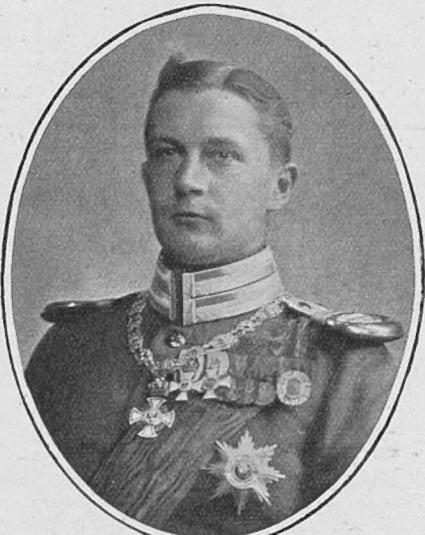
themselves in difficulties inconceivable in his own case. It was the late Lord Sackville, a man of the world according to mundane standards, who proved the easiest possible prey to the machinations of a correspondent who asked him to name his preference among the Presidential candidates. Sackville did so, and was instantly recalled. The affront offered to Lord Monson in Paris, when the Tsar intervened with a happy retort, was another incident that formerly stirred the diplomatic world as it is stirred to-day by happenings at Carlton House Terrace. Mr. Choate's story of being moved on by a policeman in Park Lane is so familiar that he has stopped telling it. The catalogue of ambassadorial collapses could be prolonged indefinitely, but more interesting is our own present behaviour. The first rumour of the recall of Count Wolff Metternich, a man enormously liked and respected by all the London that knows him, was published last week without expression of newspaper regret. Now that rumour has become fact, London will realise how much it will miss him.

PEOPLE WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO.



PROFESSOR KARL PEARSON—FOR HIS SHARE IN BREEDING THAT AFFECTIONATE PET DOG, THE POMPEK.

Photograph by Russell.



PRINCE EITEL FRITZ OF PRUSSIA—FOR BECOMING MASTER OF THE HUNT PATRONISED BY HIS IMPERIAL FATHER.

Photograph by Bieber.



MR. STANLEY MACHIN—FOR BEING PRESENTED WITH SILVER BY THE LONDON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, ON HIS SILVER WEDDING.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



MISS MARIE TEMPEST, THE FAMOUS COMEDY ACTRESS, NOW IN "AT THE BARN"—FOR TAKING OUT AN AUCTIONEER'S LICENSE.

Photograph by Topical.



M. MAETERLINCK—FOR AGREEING TO BOX WITH CARPENTIER, THE FRENCH CHAMPION PUGILIST

Photograph by Topical.



COMMANDER SAMSON, CAPTAIN GERRARD, AND LIEUTENANT REGINALD GREGORY—FOR FINE FLIGHTS OVER THE FLEET.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



PRINCE ALBERT—FOR TRAVELLING SOME TWO MILES UNDER WATER IN A SUBMARINE (WITH THE KING).

Photograph by Kirk.



MR. WILLIAM LLEWELLYN—FOR BEING ELECTED AN ASSOCIATE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY LAST WEEK.

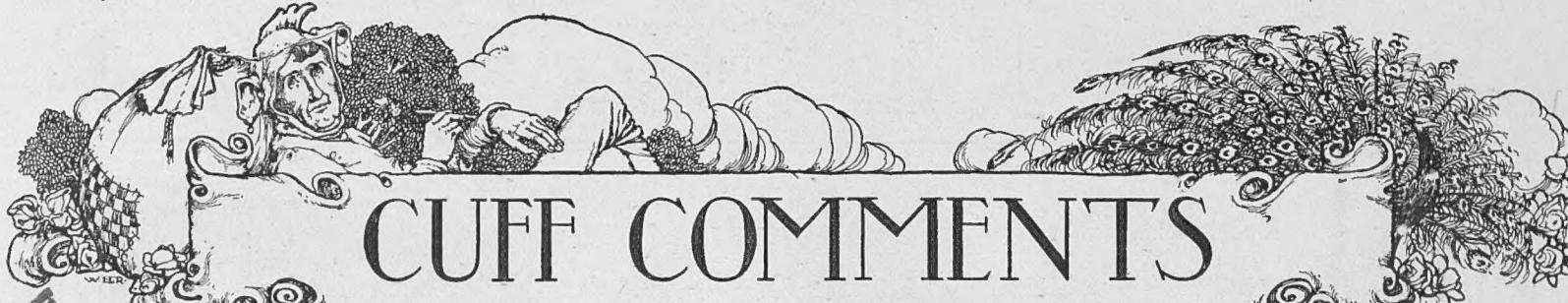
Photograph by Swaine.



MISS VICTORIA FER—FOR BEING THE FIRST WOMAN TO SING WITHIN THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

Professor Karl Pearson, Galton Professor of Eugenics at the University of London, Mr. E. Nettleship, and Mr. C. H. Usher exhibited a new breed of dog, the Pompek, before members of the Royal Society the other day. The breed is obtained by crossing Albino Pekingese spaniels with pure black Pomeranians.—The Kaiser is introducing fox-hunting in the British manner into Germany, and commissioned Frank Bartlett, huntsman of Earl Fitzwilliam's Grove Hounds, to form a pack. Prince Eitel Friedrich is to be the M.F.H.—Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Machin were presented with a silver tea and coffee service and tray the other day by the Council of the London Chamber of Commerce, on the occasion of their silver wedding. Mr. Machin was Treasurer of the Chamber from 1905 to 1906, Deputy-Chairman of the Council from 1906 to 1909, and became Chairman of the Council in 1909.—Miss Marie Tempest acted as auctioneer at Selfridge's last week, selling articles presented to the "Daily Mail" for its Titanic Fund. She had to take out an auctioneer's license for the purpose.—M. Maeterlinck is to box with Carpenter at a fête organised by Mlle. Rachel Boyer in aid of her charitable organisation known as "The Travelling Show." This will be in June.—Mr. William Llewellyn, the new A.R.A., is forty-nine; a member of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, and of the Society of Twenty-five Painters.—Miss Victoria Fer, the well-known soprano, of the London Opera House, sang in the House of Commons at the dinner of the Press Gallery, at which Sir Edward Grey was the guest. This is without precedent.



CUFF COMMENTS

By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

THE monotony of school menus has been engaging the attention of a schoolmasters' conference. Good heavens! Why school menus alone? Is not the monotony of the menu the great tragedy of every day, everywhere, between seven and nine p.m.?

Norwegian traders have subscribed £25,000 for the Sardine Defence Fund. Ferocious fish, these Sardines. Fancy opening the tin and getting bitten by the whole dozen of them.

At last the average man has a chance of being fashionable on the cheap. Owing to the tailors' strike, during the next few months the well-dressed man will have to wear last year's suits. Any appearance of newness in clothes will at once condemn them as having come off the peg.

And meanwhile we can concentrate our intelligence on seeing that our spats and gloves harmonise in colour. If these hit the passer-by full in the eye, no one will notice the suit between them.

English workmen in Zion City, U.S.A., have complained to Mr. Bryce because the religious fanatics of that entrancing spot will not allow them to smoke. And serve them jolly well right for going to such a place.

Mr. C. E. Dawson—may he become famous!—wants to do away with the silk top hat and replace it with a fire-brigade helmet. This is splendid for the new dress required by the tailors' strike. Let us stroll down Piccadilly with a brass helmet, an out-of-date frock-coat, cycling-breeches, M.F.B. hose, and steam pumps with brass buckles. An ambulance might follow in case anyone fainted.

A lecturer once pointed out that "h" was the most valuable of all the letters, and that some of the most encouraging words in the English language begin with it. For example, "h" stands for happiness, harmony, healing, health, heaven, hope, and hygiene. And with all this a great number of people wilfully make no use of the letter.

HUNTING THE QUEEN WASP.

(Whenever a Queen Wasp appears you are bidden to "swat" it. Some school-children recently killed over two thousand in one day.)

The Queen Wasp invaded the citizen's room,
And the tone of her buzz had a sinister boom.
He seized on the cushions, he tore off his shoes,
He rolled up the papers, regardless of news;
He recklessly hurled them to left and to right,
Desirous of smiting the wopse in her flight;

But somehow, despite his delight in the fight,
He never could manage to settle her quite.
She dodged and she tricked him again and again;
It was perfectly plain that his efforts were vain
Her blood to obtain in this smashing campaign,
Till he could not refrain from language profane
When she hit the window, and he hit the pane;
And then, as an insect so frequently does,
She flew through the crack with an insolent buzz,
And left him alone in a dynamite wreck,
To pick up the pieces and swab up the deck.



As for that orchestra of one-armed men that has been formed in New York, it probably consists of half-a-dozen organ-grinders, for a piano-organ is about the only instrument that can be played really soulfully with one hand.

WAIT—AND SEE.

(Waiters whose work is mostly over by tea-time are said to be arranging an interchange of places on their enforced half-holidays.)

Robert was a waiter at a City *restorong*
Which was known to its frequenters as the *à la Continong*;
While the leading napkin-flicker at the neighb'ring Guzz-
and-Gorge
Responded when at business to the pseudonym of George.
For five-and-twenty years at least did fame and pence accrue
To Robert, who was tactful in explaining the *menoo*;
For a quarter of a century had George collected tips
By the punctual steak-and-onions and the smoking chop-
and-chips.



Now George and Robert pocketed their tips, and were content,
Till suddenly uprooted by an Act of Parliament,
Which once a week deprived them of their napkins
and decreed
They should sacrifice their earnings for a rest they did not need.

So these ingenious waiters made a change of *restorong*,
And once a week George figures at the *à la Continong*,
While Robert spends his holiday, a substitute for George,
Attending hungry diners at the neighb'ring Guzz-
and-Gorge.

Dr. Francke is quite mistaken in supposing that the tight skirt is the cause of knock-knees in women. It merely makes them noticeable.



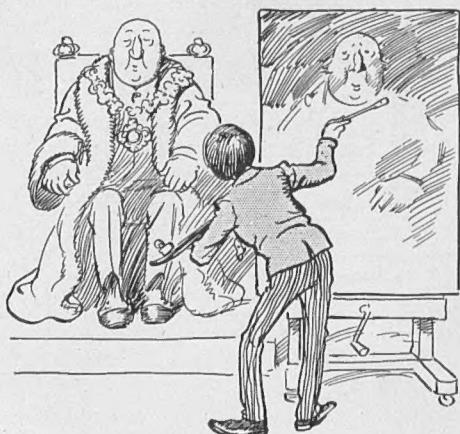
The Isle of Wight is being advertised as a capital place for the superfluous daughter to go to, as there are a thousand more men than women in the island. There is also a movement on foot for renaming it the Isle of Un-married Man.

Wonderful! The Government have decided to purchase sixty aeroplanes. This should silence the scoffers, for it is presumptive evidence that the Government have heard of Blériot crossing the Channel.

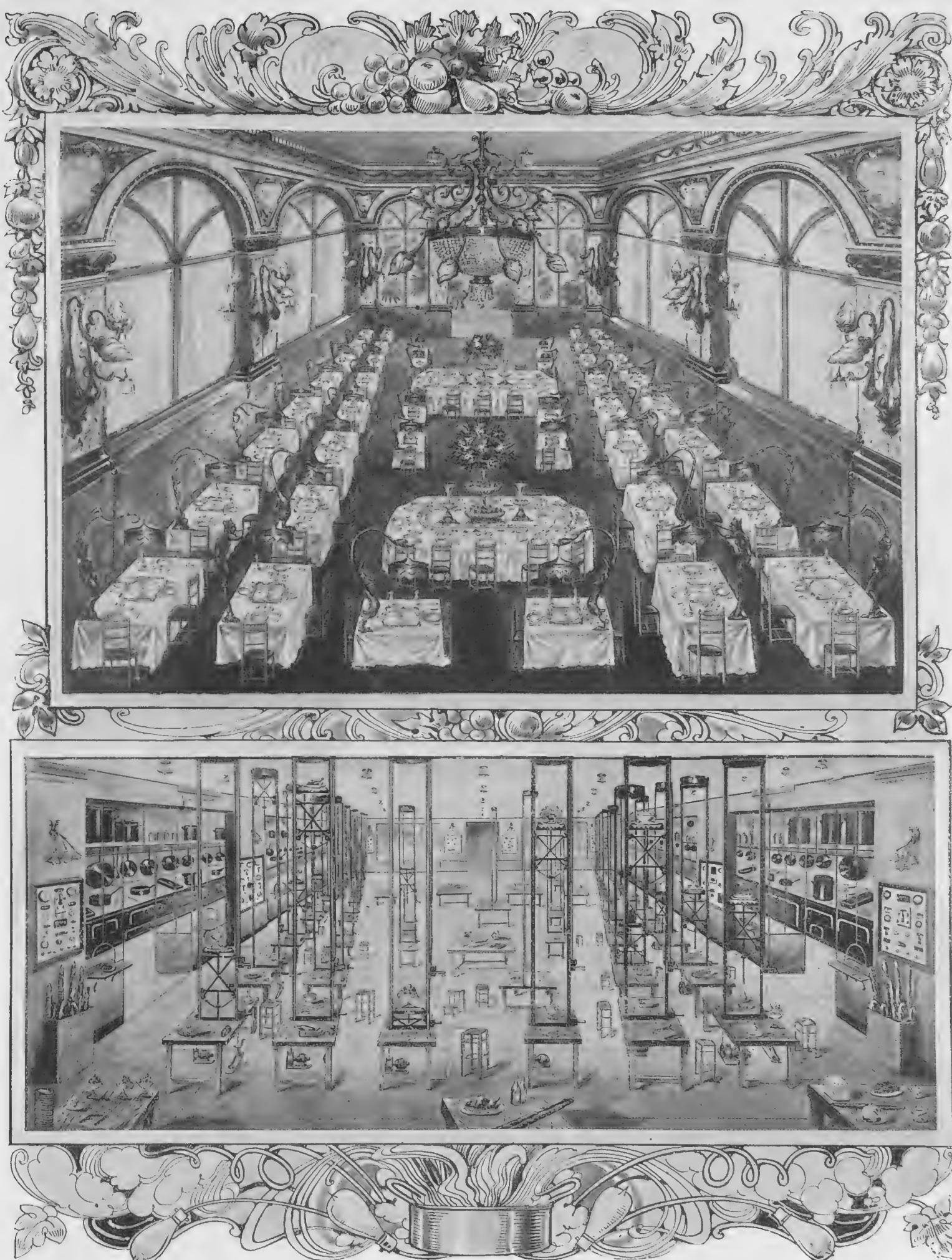
The Kaiser and the Crown Prince are encouraging football in the German army in spite of the timidity of Bavaria. But it is impossible to avoid a slight sympathy with Bavaria, when the game is called fuss-ball.

Mr. F. Balfour-Browne says that the lesser silver beetle is found nowhere except on the south-east coast of England. It would be of much more interest to most Londoners if Mr. F. Balfour-Browne would tell us where the bigger black beetle is not to be found.

A rude artist at the private view of the Royal Academy asked why only the ugly men were painted. Cheer up, most excellent scarecrows, and blame the man of turps. Even the Devil, we know, is not so black as he is painted.



FOOD THROUGH THE FLOOR: TABLES WITH ELECTRIC LIFTS.



1. WITH TABLES FITTED WITH MICROPHONE-TELEPHONES FOR GIVING ORDERS, AND ELECTRIC LIFTS FOR RAISING THE DISHES AND WINES FROM THE SERVICE-ROOM BELOW: THE WAITERLESS RESTAURANT DESIGNED FOR AN ELECTRIC HOTEL IN PARIS.

2. SUPPLIER OF MEALS WHICH APPEAR IN THE ALADDIN'S FEAST MANNER: THE SERVICE-ROOM OF THE ELECTRIC HOTEL'S RESTAURANT, SHOWING THE LIFTS BY WHICH THE DISHES AND WINES ARE CONVEYED TO THE CENTRES OF THE TABLES ABOVE.

We illustrate the restaurant of a very remarkable hotel, the Electra-Feria, which is to be built in Paris, by M. Georges Knap. In this hotel everything will be run by electricity. With regard to the restaurant, a bronze arm bearing a lamp will stand at the corner of each table. To this will be fitted a microphone-telephone. When anyone at the table wishes to give an order, he will ring a bell at his side and give his order, speaking towards the microphone. The dish being ready, it will be put on a lift in the service-room below and raised to its position on the centre of the table. Used dishes will be taken down on it.

(See Article elsewhere.)



MAYFAIR AS PLAYWRIGHT: ARISTOCRATIC DRAMATISTS AND THEIR WORK.

Society Dramatists. The production, postponed for the moment, of "Peter's Chance," by the Hon. Mrs. Alfreid Lyttelton, brings into mind the fact that during late years there has been a noteworthy invasion of the stage by the members of the "upper classes." Of course, for a long time past fashionable folk have dabbled in drama; indeed, it must be nearly two decades since Mr. Zangwill, speaking of charity performances by distinguished amateurs, uttered his often-repeated epigram, "Charity uncovers a multitude of shins." In addition, the amateur theatrical clubs have enrolled in their ranks many people belonging to the upper ten thousand, as well as an even larger number who erroneously think that they belong to it, and those who hope to do so. But since the date of that epigram, matters have gone further and the footlights have been crossed in another way, for Mayfair has been trying to shine as a playwright, and sometimes successfully.

A Little Catalogue. Here is a little record, and if I have got the names in the wrong order, my ignorance of the hierarchy must be the excuse: the Duchess of Sutherland (with a piece called "The Conqueror"), Lady Violet Greville, Lady Bell (quite a prolific writer), Lady Gregory, Lady Troubridge, Mrs. Lyttelton, and Mrs. George Cornwallis West. The men, so far as memory serves me, are less numerous: the Duke of Argyll, Lord Howard de Walden (*sub nomine* Ellis, I think), the Hon. Maurice Baring, Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox. It would be quite unfair to suggest that all of these have written merely amateurish works; on the contrary, as a group, they have given very good account of themselves. I have charitably omitted some instances connected with pieces of mere puerility that had aristocratic names attached to them and were presented at charity matinées; it may be that the charity of the omission is largely based upon a mere failure of memory.

The Reason Why.

It may be asked why the invasion did not begin earlier. A few cases might be cited to show that it did—Lord Byron, for instance, and Bulwer Lytton, but both of them, in fact, were professional literary men. There is, however, an explanation. Little, if at all, more than twenty years ago, playwriting was regarded as a sort of mysterious black art. It was believed that you might have wit and a knowledge of character and dramatic instinct,

support of this theory cite the case of Sir Arthur Pinero, whose early works certainly suggest that he was dreadfully hampered at the start of his career as a dramatist by difficulties of workmanship, though his long experience on the stage as an actor was supposed to have been an undoubted advantage to him in his career. This belief has been weakened on account of the success of many plays which obviously infringed the accepted rules of the game; and now many believe, quite foolishly, that there are no rules or technical difficulties, and do not perceive that what has happened has been a change of technique and not an abolition. Indeed, it may be said that, owing to the suppression of the soliloquy and the aside, the game has become more difficult than ever—to which it may be answered that the telephone, much used and abused, is of enormous assistance. So the fashionable folk were frightened, not by false fire, from attempting to invade the stage as dramatists. The plain truth is that the old belief was correct so far as it applied to the now moribund "well-made play."

What They One might have
Write. expected the new group to devote

its attention to writing plays in which its peculiar knowledge of the speech, manners, and morals of the "nobs" would serve. Whilst there is a snobbish desire in the theatre to cause comedies quite needlessly to pass in the most aristocratic society, the authors have much difficulty (as a body) in studying at first hand their lords and ladies. Often the pictures of dukes and duchesses are intensely wrong and funny. There is even a pathetic story of one dramatist, humbly born, who, imitating the courageous Miss Elizabeth Banks, got a situation in a ducal home in order to study the inhabitants—and produced an excellent picture of high life in the servants' hall. Quite a service might be rendered by our invaders if they would use their peculiar knowledge, but, unfortunately, they show little tendency to do so. Lady Bell's best work was an admirable drama of humble life, "The Way the Money Goes," though some of her lighter pieces dealt with nobler folk. Lady Gregory's delightful farces are chiefly of Irish peasant life. The most striking scene in Mrs. Lyttelton's able play, "Warp and Woof," was set in the workroom of a fashionable dressmaker's shop. She has also given a graceful translation of Rostand's "Les Deux Pierrots." As to "Peter's Chance," chosen by such excellent judges as Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie for a series of matinées, I cannot speak because of the postponement. Mrs. Cornwallis West, in the clever but uneven drama, "Her Borrowed Plumes," handled the upper middle class. The Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Dunsany, and "Mr. Ellis" have plunged bravely into romance. Lady Troubridge, in her promising work, "Mrs. Oakleigh" (where Miss Darragh gave a very fine performance), kept the scene in the upper middle class. It is needless to speak of the character of the plays by such well-known writers as Mr. Maurice Baring and Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox. Perhaps if some of these illustrious folk condescend to take a hint from a mere professional writer, they will find that the employment of their peculiar knowledge will be of great service to them—and us.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



IN THE VERHAEREN TRAGEDY "HÉLÈNE DE SPARTE":
MME. IDA RUBINSTEIN AS HÉLÈNE.

DRAWN BY LÉON BAKST.

(See our Double-page.)

but were bound to make a hopeless failure as a playwright, "to make an oven," as the French say quaintly, unless you began by an arduous study of complicated technique. I have heard people in



IN THE D'ANNUNZIO "MYSTERY," "LE MARTYRE DE SAINT-SÉBASTIEN": MME. IDA RUBINSTEIN AS SAINT SEBASTIAN.

DRAWN BY LÉON BAKST.

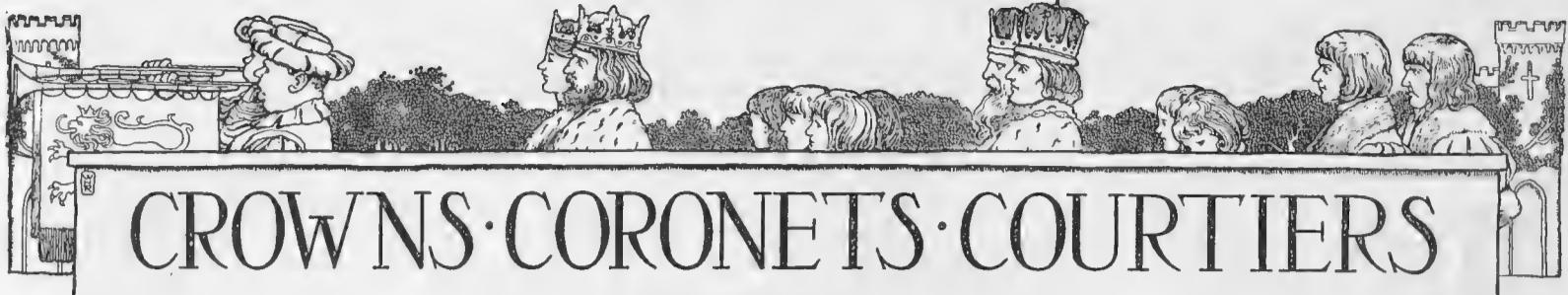
(See our Double-page.)

SENTENCED TO FOUR YEARS' PENAL SERVITUDE, IN WARSAW.



FOUND GUILTY OF ASSOCIATING WITH POLISH REVOLUTIONARIES: MISS KATE MALECKA, WHO CLAIMS TO BE ENGLISH, BUT IS DECLARED BY RUSSIA TO BE A RUSSIAN SUBJECT.

Considerable astonishment has been expressed at the sentence of four years' penal servitude passed in Warsaw on Miss Kate Malecka, who was arrested there in April of last year on a charge of conspiring against the Russian Government by associating with Polish revolutionaries. Miss Malecka went to Warsaw in 1909 as a teacher of music. She claims to be English, while the Russians claim that she is a Russian subject. In point of fact, there would seem no doubt that she is an Englishwoman by English law, a Russian by Russian law. Her father, a Russian Pole, came to England in 1860, and was naturalised. In the same year, he married an Englishwoman, Miss Mary Anne Boys Sankey. Although he was naturalised, Mr. Malecki had failed to obtain the consent of the Russian Government to this step; consequently, in their eyes he was always a Russian subject, and Miss Malecka is the same. Owing to representations by the British Government, the case was heard in open court—a record for political cases in the Russian courts in Warsaw. Miss Malecka pleaded "not guilty." After the verdict she said simply: "Well, I cannot help it."—[Photograph by Sport and General.]



CROWNS·CORONETS·COURTIERS

ALTHOUGH lately held prisoner by a fog, the King does not pretend to any wide knowledge of the penal code, and a royal visit to Portland is rare enough to be exciting to the most hardened criminal, and to his Majesty. Thanks to recent reforms in prison regimen, there are many new things to hear about and to approve. But, however bettered the lot of the prisoner may be, there is one phrase in criminal law that will never be wholly acceptable to a King whose sympathetic rule extends even to the time-server. "Detained during his Majesty's pleasure," runs the sentence. "Would not 'displeasure' be truer?" asked a monarch whose speeches prove his keen sense of the fitness of words.

A Telegraphic "Insolent fog detains King" was the message received in London by an important lady from an important gentleman near the person of his Majesty during the Naval Review. The lady thought the telegram rather lofty until

she rightly reconstructed it: "In Solent fog detains King." His Majesty, who has a quick eye for the humorous, may be forgiven a smile at the expense of his telegraphic service, and perhaps by now begins to wonder whether King Knut was not, perhaps, also a little misreported in the only saying by which his memory endures.

The Enchanter.
Mr. Winston Churchill is the best of good company an he is in the mood. The modern tongue, as well as the modern eye, is his; and a listener like

ENGAGED TO THE DUKE OF FIANO: MISS ANGELA DRUMMOND.

Miss Drummond is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Drummond, of 21, Lancaster Gate. Augusto Alessandro Maria Agnese Giuseppe Marco Mario, Duke Ottoboni, Duke of Fiano, was born in 1880. He was given the royal authorisation to adopt the name, arms, and titles of the late Duke Ottoboni on the death of his maternal grandfather, the fifth and last Duke Marco of the house of Boncompagni-Ludovisi.

Photograph by Thomson.

Mr. Balfour can lure him into talk that entrances. So the Tory statesman and the Liberal First Lord had a high time as well as a low one in their submarine in Weymouth Bay. One irate onlooker declared his wonder that Mr. Balfour could entrust his safety to such a *turn-over* as the First Lord; but most of the onlookers smiled acquiescingly to see the two politicians at frolic together when they returned to the *Enchantress*, and even talked of changing the sex of the title of the Admiralty yacht.

A Coming Presentation.

Mrs. Meyer Sassoon's dance was cumulatively delightful, a brilliant scene of lights and flowers and movement. And in detail it had its triumphs. The dinner, a mere *hors d'œuvre* all through from the keen dancers' point of view, was a large affair of forty guests, including Lord and Lady Desborough, Lady de Trafford, Lord and Lady Drogheda, Lord and Lady Maidstone, and Miss Lowther. Perhaps



ENGAGED TO MAJOR JOHN HAMILTON, D.S.O., OF THE BLACK WATCH: MISS SYBIL MICHOLLS.

Miss Micholls is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Montefiore Micholls, of 11, Queen's Gate.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

Miss Lowther was the only representative of the secret twelve who lately witnessed a family marriage, but she kept her counsel with a Speaker's power of reserve. On the other hand, Lord and Lady Stafford, but newly returned to town, reminded one of quite another ceremony that everybody had attended. Miss Sassoon, who helped her mother to entertain, is to be presented at the next Court.

Earl's Courtiers. Mrs. George Cornwallis

West's latest *coup* is Lady Lytton's promise to play Titania in "Shakespeare's England." Mrs. West's genius for making other people make promises—and generally keep them—is proverbial. But it is surmised that on the night of the quadrilles not all her colleagues will find their full squads of performers redeeming their pledges. One dancer

who has a leg and a wardrobe that fits him for any part, combined with no perseverance in refusal, finds himself committed to three several leading ladies. For him the prospect is a midsummer night-mare.

A Sunday Night's Entertainment.

The English Sunday is losing its character. Children now may play in the parks, and actors on the boards. The performances of the Stage Society gain in popularity, and a full house applauded the first performance of the Spanish puppet-play. Mr. Arnold Bennett, who, with "Milestones" round his neck, is become a victim of the theatre, and who has but lately returned to town, was kept constantly nodding (and not, like another novelist, with sleep) in the stalls. Mr. Benson, much wrapped up in the acting of Mrs. Benson, was able also to enjoy that of Mr. Fay. That delightful and original "Playboy" was in fine form, and forgot his words with a good-humour that communicated itself to the audience.

Lord Clifton's Score. Lady Darnley first met Lord

GIVER OF A CAFÉ CHANTANT AT THE SAVOY ON MAY 15: LADY JULIET DUFF.

The Café Chantant is being given in aid of the Charing Cross Hospital, a most deserving institution, whose funds should benefit materially. Lady Juliet Duff, wife of Mr. Robert George Vivian Duff, only son of Sir Charles Garden Assheton-Smith, Bt., is the daughter of the fourth Earl of Lonsdale, and was born in 1881. Her wedding took place in 1903.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



ENGAGED TO LORD CLIFTON, ELDER SON AND HEIR OF THE EARL OF DARNLEY: MISS DAPHNE MULHOLLAND.

Miss Mulholland is the only daughter of the Hon. Alfred Mulholland and Mrs. Mulholland, of Worlingham Hall, Beccles, Suffolk, and was born in 1890. Her father is the only brother of Lord Dunleath, and through her mother she is a great-grand-daughter of the third Lord Clonmell. Her aunts are Lady Murray, wife of Sir George Murray, Mrs. Murray-Pratt, and Mrs. Massy-Beresford; her great-aunts are Lady Maria FitzClarence, Lady Annette La Touche, and Lady Monck.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]



ENGAGED TO MARRY MISS DAPHNE MULHOLLAND: LORD CLIFTON.

Lord Clifton, heir of that well-known coroneted cricketer, the Earl of Darnley, is also well known upon the playing-field, and bids fair to equal the "Ivo Bligh" of other days. He is in his twenty-sixth year. His full courtesy title is Lord Clifton of Rathmore.—[Photo. by Lafayette.]

Lady Darnley when, as Ivo Bligh, he captained a cricket eleven

in Australia. "So, Miss, you've been caught at the wicket," was a favoured "pro's" manner of greeting her news. And now, as if Australian cricket really did have something to do with the matrimonial fortunes of the Blighs, Miss Mulholland's engagement to Lord Clifton (another Ivo Bligh) exactly coincided with the first day's play in the present Australian tour. Lord Clifton, although well under thirty, is not so recklessly youthful as some photographs make him. He is old enough to have made his name in the Commons, or (rarer achievement) at "Lord's," did he not dislike "noise, crowds, and cricket."

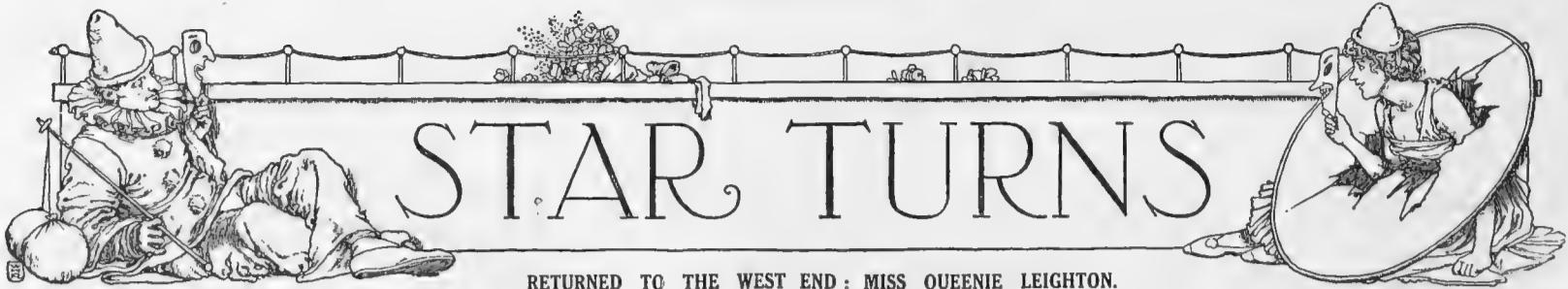
KILL THAT FLY! NINE LIVES IMPERILLED.



THE CAT'S COMPLAINT: "UGH! A FLY IN MY MILK."

Realising that "health-week" talk is much in the air, and aware also of the "Kill that fly!" campaign, a correspondent has been inspired to send us this photograph, which, doubtless, many will find amusing.

Photograph by F. A. Davies.



RETURNED TO THE WEST END: MISS QUEENIE LEIGHTON.

LIKE the children of so many actors and actresses, Miss Queenie Leighton, who has returned to the West End after a long absence in the provinces, began her career as a child. Her mimetic gifts were quite wonderful. An elder sister was playing the Princess in "The Mascotte" with Miss Kate Santley, the owner of the Royalty Theatre. The little girl was taken several times to see that once-popular opera-bouffe, and she imitated her sister and Miss Santley to perfection. The result was that when she was eight years old her mother was over-persuaded to allow her to accept an engagement, and she did a turn at the Oxford. When, however, the proposal was made that she should go on indefinitely at the business, the parental authority demurred and the youthful artist was packed off to school, there to remain for five years.

When she was thirteen, however, the hereditary tendency to the stage could no longer be restrained, and she obtained an engagement as "second boy" in a provincial pantomime. Later, she was engaged in the same capacity at one of the leading theatres in Bradford, and at others under the same management, for five successive years. Then Manchester claimed her, and in the interval between the pantomimes she appeared at the Gaiety as Donna Teresa in "The Toreador." From Manchester it was an easy step to Liverpool, where she was seen by Mr. Arthur Collins, who at once secured her for Drury Lane, where she was principal boy for five years in succession. Year by year, as Christmas comes round, she has to leave the music-halls to appear as principal boy, for which her fine figure, her splendid, erect bearing, and her exuberant vitality give her an enormous advantage.

Once, in Sheffield, in the pantomime of "Robinson Crusoe"—in which, of course, she played the name-part—she had an experience which was decidedly disconcerting, but is interesting as showing how the thing seen on the stage can appeal more strongly than the thing heard. In one scene she had a pathetic song to sing. It had always been received in the most sympathetic manner, but on this night, as she finished the first verse, instead of the round of applause she always got, there was a shriek of laughter. Naturally, she turned hot and cold all over and wondered whether any accident had happened which could account for this sudden and unexpected hilarity. She looked round on the stage and saw that the low comedian, who was playing the part of Friday, was filling up the time by toasting a black cat over a fire!

Although now she is known for the most part in connection with the music-hall stage, she still has the strongest leanings towards the theatre proper. Her ambition, indeed, is to play strong emotional parts, and those who know her work only on the halls may be surprised to learn that no less a judge of acting than Mr. Robert Courtneidge once offered her an engagement to play Rosalind in "As You Like It." To her great regret, however,

Miss Leighton was obliged to decline it, because she was already engaged and could not get released.

As a variety artist, pure and simple, she has, of course, appeared everywhere in the United Kingdom, and has visited South Africa. There, she had a remarkable experience. With her sister and some friends, she motored one Sunday to Mulder's Drift. In crossing the river, the motor stuck and, in spite of every endeavour of the chauffeur, it refused to budge. Everybody in the car shouted, and at length the landlord of a neighbouring hotel arrived and imparted the pleasing news that they would have to wait for two hours before the car could be dragged out by a team of oxen, as the cows would have to be milked before they could be detailed for this duty. They asked the landlord whether it would

not be possible to get them carried out. "Certainly," he replied, "I will send some Kaffirs who will bring you out pick-a-back." "Thank you, no," said Miss Leighton; "I should not like to cling around a Kaffir's neck." The other ladies of the party echoed her sentiments. "All right," said the landlord, "then you must wait for the cows." They waited. After an hour in the burning sun, however, they regretted it, so they shouted for the landlord once again. He came, and they surrendered to the Kaffirs. "It will be all right," said the landlord; "you see, I have Jonah" (pointing to a Kaffir) "washed and disinfected every Sunday in case this happens, and it generally does." So the washed and disinfected Jonah waded into the stream and brought the ladies out.

That there may be a fly in the amber of public applause Miss Leighton once learned in the leading hall of Cardiff, where Mr. Stoll, for whom she was appearing at the Coliseum last week, began his remarkable managerial career. Never in all her experience, up to that time, as it seemed to her, did her first song go with such shouts of applause. As she came off, she turned to her sister, who always accompanies her, and said, as she changed her dress, "If this sort of thing goes on, my salary will go up enormously." Then she turned to the local maid who was helping her to dress, and asked if the woman could account for the fact that the applause was so remarkable. "Yes, Miss," she replied, "it was not for you at all; Fred Welch went into a box just as you went on the stage. The applause was for him." It appears that Welch had just beaten Summers, and Wales was simply wild with delight.

One of Miss Leighton's latest songs and one of her greatest successes is "When you are in Rome," which was composed for her by Mr. Glover Kind. To that song there is attached an amusing incident. Mr. Kind is one of the most successful of the music-hall composers, and to him we owe, among other things, the everlasting "I do want to be by the seaside." While he was "writing out the assignment" of the song, to use the professional expression, at Miss Leighton's house, she opened her bag to take out her cheque-book and draw a cheque. As she did so, she noticed a postal order for two shillings in the bag. In a spirit of mischief she handed it to Mr. Kind as he handed her the assignment. He thanked her and put it in his pocket, said good-bye, and went away. Mr. Kind soon discovered the little joke, and returned to get the postal order for two shillings exchanged for his cheque for a goodly number of pounds.

Brilliant as is the position Miss Leighton enjoys, it has not been won or kept without hard work. Her hardest work, indeed, is probably a record—for a woman. She has played seven performances in one day, and sung fifteen songs. The way it happened was that she was engaged at three different halls at which there were two performances every night, and one of them during that week gave a matinée. And six performances a day for a week, to say nothing of the additional matinée, take some doing.



ECCENTRICITY OF DRESS: MISS CARRIE DE MAR, THE AMERICAN COMÉDIENNE, WHO IS APPEARING AT THE LONDON COLISEUM.

strong emotional parts, and those who know her work only on the halls may be surprised to learn that no less a judge of acting than Mr. Robert Courtneidge once offered her an engagement to play Rosalind in "As You Like It." To her great regret, however,



AS LORD CLONBARRY IN "AT THE BARN": MR. W. GRAHAM BROWNE AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

Photograph by Hoppé.

From the Wilds—of the Imagination.

DANCES WE HAVE NEVER SEEN: I.—THE SPOTTED-SOCK SCHOTTISCHE.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

FRIVOLITIES

OF PHRYNETTE



THE LAST OF THE BRIGANDS: THE STORY OF SCARTSORAS.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

"A BRIGAND?" I said. "I do not believe there are any left outside Paris."

"But," the Professor insisted, "you forget that modern Greece is only slightly more civilised than France. Besides, he was the Last of the Brigands. Peace be to his soul and the countryside."

On the way to Posilipo there is a refreshment-tent overlooking the sea; under it the Professor and I had sat during our promenade. He had ordered a beer and I a story. What is there to do in an hotel but to neigbourise? The Professor and I have become more than neighbours, we have become friends. He tells me stories of his travels and the experiences of seventy, and I teach him youth and the happiness of ignorance. This is the story of Scartsoras the Terror of the Peloponnese:

Scartsoras was, ten years ago, a handsome shepherd-lad of seventeen. His soul was perfumed with piety, in his hair was the smell of the thyme and the mint of the Hymette whereon he slept. He loved his mother, and the patron saint of his village, to whom he often offered a short taper and a long prayer. One day, as Scartsoras, his two hands joined on the hook of his shepherd's crook, was singing in a minor key a little tune which he had composed when he thought of love at sunset and felt lonely, he suddenly saw on the high road, coming in a cloud of dust, a carriage drawn at a wild pace by two runaway horses. The road led to the sea without a turning. Scartsoras, who held his life cheaply, not knowing, poor lad, the value of things, ran, jumped, rolled, and fell in time from the mountain flank on to the road, and, as the horses came, sprang at them and clutched at their heads. The beasts, however, did not stop, but galloped more frantically than ever, seeing which, Scartsoras, holding on with one hand, drew with the other his sharp poniard from his belt and plunged it in the neck of one of the horses. The brute fell, the other stumbled and stopped. From the carriage stepped out a handsome American woman, who, throwing her arms around Scartsoras's neck, kissed him and called him saviour and other charming names. Then, drawing her purse, she placed it in the shepherd's hands, and closed her own ten fingers over them. But Scartsoras nobly turned up his nose until it led him to some artificial roses blossoming on the bodice of the American.

"Give me rather a rose," he said, "thou flower!"

I must and will say that this is a true story. You can ask the Professor whether the tender tourist knew Greek, or the shepherd knew English—American, I mean—the Professor can't say; but, anyway, it was proposed by the lady and accepted by the lad that he should go to America, where she would find him work—as private secretary,

perhaps—the Professor can't say. Alas for the best-laid plans of misses and men! Two days after, Scartsoras, who was no doubt busy packing, met an old enemy of his family who informed him that he (the enemy) had just come from killing his (Scartsoras's) old mother, upon which bit of news he ran away. Scartsoras left his packing, you bet, put nice new cartridges in his gun, and went to pay a call. The assassin, as it happened, was not at home, but his old mother was. Scartsoras spent one of his new cartridges on her and went away feeling better. But the patron saint of his village, to whom he prayed so often, willed it that his revenge should be completed a little further.

Scartsoras met his enemy and—pursued his way minus another new cartridge. As he was reflecting on how easy it is to fall from the arms of an American lady into those of the law, Scartsoras was run into by a vagabond flying from some peasants whose lamb he had stolen.

Scartsoras—who, by the way, was a man of impulse—put himself in front of the thief, and his gun shone under the sun. The peasants fled, the thief hand on his lips and on his forehead, chief among men. Notwithstanding that "the men" in question were only two, still, at any rate, two outlaws are stronger than one.

That day Scartsoras, the dreamer-shepherd, became a brigand. He robbed and pillaged and stole many a girl's heart, but the American remained his star and his flag. It is said that he succeeded in reaching America and spent some time there. If so, why did he come back to be miserably locked up in the fortress of Palamidi in Nauplia?

The Professor can't say, unless it is that men are fickle, and American women deplorably spoiled.

A month ago, after ten years of hustle, idylls, a prison escape, and an altogether varied and emotional existence, Scartsoras attempted to blow up the prison of Palamidi, among the population of which he had many friends and followers. He was transferred from Nauplia to Rion, an old Venetian fortress, but on the way the gendarmes who had charge of him were surprised by some of his supporters. A battle ensued and all—gendarmes, brigands, and followers—rendered unto God what belongs unto Him. On Scartsoras was found a letter to the American telling of his plan of escape and hopes of reunion.

"The moral of this," said the Professor, wiping the beer off his moustache with his sleeve, "is—"

"That," I continued, "it is always Americans who grab at the pick of our antiques and curiosities. When it is not an Old Master, it is the Last of the Brigands!"



"NUMBER FIFTY-TWO": THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE TAKING PART IN A JUMPING COMPETITION AT THE RECENT MARIENBURG HORSE SHOW.

The German Crown Prince was Honorary President of the Show. His Imperial Highness' horse bore the number 52.

Photograph by Sennecke and Gross.



IN THE PUBLIC PARK PLACED AT HER DISPOSAL BY THE MUNICIPALITY OF AMSTERDAM: PRINCESS JULIANA, ONLY CHILD OF THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND, FEEDING SWANS.

During the recent visit of Queen Wilhelmina and her Consort to Amsterdam, the Municipal Council of that city put at the disposal of Princess Juliana a large part of the public park, the Palace there being without grounds. The little Princess, it will be recalled, was born on April 30, 1909.

"SHA'NT BE HALF A MINUTE, SIR."



THE MAN WHO ONLY WANTED TWO HA'PENNIES FOR A PENNY!

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



THE LAWN-TENNIS COURT: MR. A. F. WILDING ON IT AND OFF IT.

A "Goad-bye"
Flight by
Mr. Wilding.

When he determined to call his book "On the Court and Off," Mr. Wilding gave himself full permission to deal, as he wished, it, with things other than lawn-tennis. He takes advantage of his own license to freelance on several occasions, and always to the joy of the reader. His motor-cycling does not, perhaps, produce any great exhilaration; but, for example, the story of his first flight is distinctly worth the telling. He made it at Mourmelon-le-Grand. "I was soon up in a machine," he writes, "seated with the head pilot instructor, a very jovial man. His only words of English were 'Goad-bye,' and these he always hurled at me with an accompanying dig in the back when he took a corner at an angle calculated to cause alarm, or made a 'vol plané.' All went well for a bit, and we flew round the course several times, when my friend said, 'Goad-bye,' and shot off over a plantation of trees, sending the machine higher and higher. Suddenly the wretched engine began to miss fire. I know a missfire well by sight and sound, but at this moment it was more significant to me than ever before. My friend behind said 'Goad-bye,' and off we went at a great pace towards earth. But just as we looked like making a hole in it, the elevating-planes seemed to be raised a bit, and we glided up, and then went along beautifully on fairly smooth ground." So much for the "Off" of the title; let us turn to the "On."

Mr. Balfour on the Court; Royalty; and Twins.

First, for some "personalities," without which no book of reminiscences can be complete. "The world may not know it" says Mr. Wilding, "but Mr. Arthur Balfour plays a good game of tennis. I have been privileged to play with him on several occasions, and he can hold up his end in a good men's four. I shall not soon forget my first game with him. Mr. Balfour had not been initiated into the mysteries of the American service; and when I varied the deliveries, first giving him an on break and then an off one—both services have a tendency to break in a contrary direction to that of their swerve—Mr. Balfour was perplexed and would stop and meditate for minutes at a time. . . . These thoughtful pauses bore fruit, and we had not been playing long before he knew as much about what the service was going to do as I did." Other celebrities, other manners. Mr. Wilding had an unusual experience at Budapest. "The Margit Club is situate on an island in the Danube and is most picturesque. During the final the Archduke, the Archduchess, and a regular retinue of children and A.D.C.s made a most magnificent entry, walking right across the court in the middle of a game." There is an amusing note, too, about the twin Allens. "They were (for the resemblance is less striking today) so exactly alike in form and feature that one had the greatest difficulty in distinguishing them. Many a time, Charlie, the better server, might have

delivered his brother's service undetected by umpires and spectators. Personally, I found salvation in identifying the respective twins by examining their teeth. Charlie had a few less than his brother Roy." Of the King of Sweden, in whose country he was successful recently at the inauguration of the Fifth Olympiad, when

he beat Mr. L. Silverstoipe in the Gentlemen's Singles, Mr. Wilding writes: "As a player, King Gustav has skill as well as enthusiasm, and I was reluctantly forced to write to my father to tell him that at last, reckoning on the principle of 'weight-for-age,' I had found a man his equal. The King has a hard and accurate forehand drive, the direction of which is cleverly concealed until the last moment. Well over six feet, he uses every inch of his height in serving. Moreover, he has a shrewd conception of the angles of the court and is not disconcerted by a volleying attack. . . . When on court the King, so to speak, exchanges the sceptre for the racket; there is no chamberlain waiting to pick up balls."



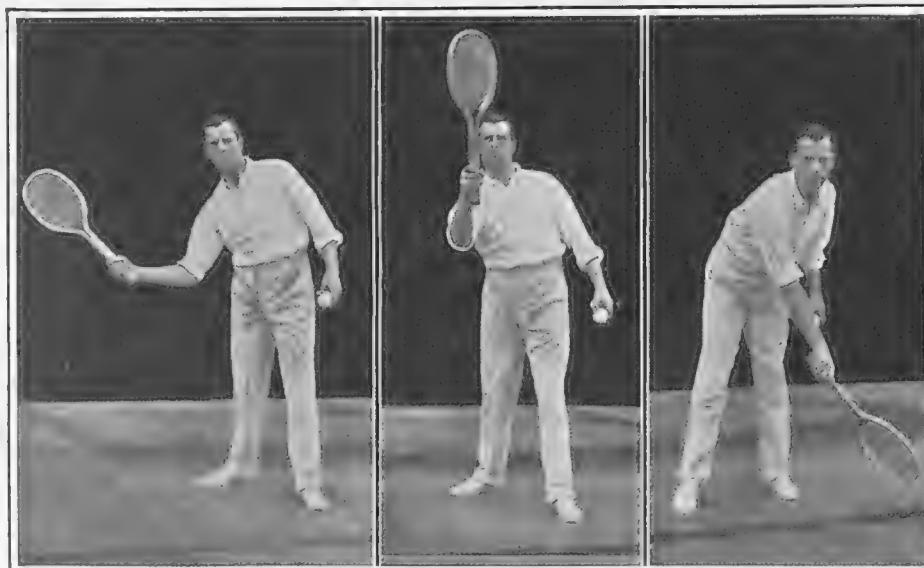
"MY SMASH—SUCH AS IT IS": MR. A. F. WILDING ON THE COURT.

Reproduced from Mr. Anthony F. Wilding's "On the Court and Off," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Methuen.

dual strokes as opposed to an all-round game regulated by scoring. . . . The player should obviously select his *weakest* stroke for this specific treatment. . . .

The whole secret about practising lawn-tennis strokes is to concentrate on the work in hand. Don't wonder why the back cylinder of your motorcycle refuses to fire, or worry about your business. Think all the time why that stroke went out, and what you can do to keep it in! Do not practise when you are sick and weary. But, on the other hand, don't shirk . . . good strokes can only be brought to a state of perfection by arduous work." Then there are tactics, the two main principles of which Mr. Wilding gives as "(1) Cover your own weakness; (2) Mercilessly at-

tack your opponent's most vulnerable points." These things must you remember—and much more; therefore, take unto yourself "On the Court and Off," read it, re-read it, enjoy it, and, above all, take the many hints it offers: it is by a master-player.

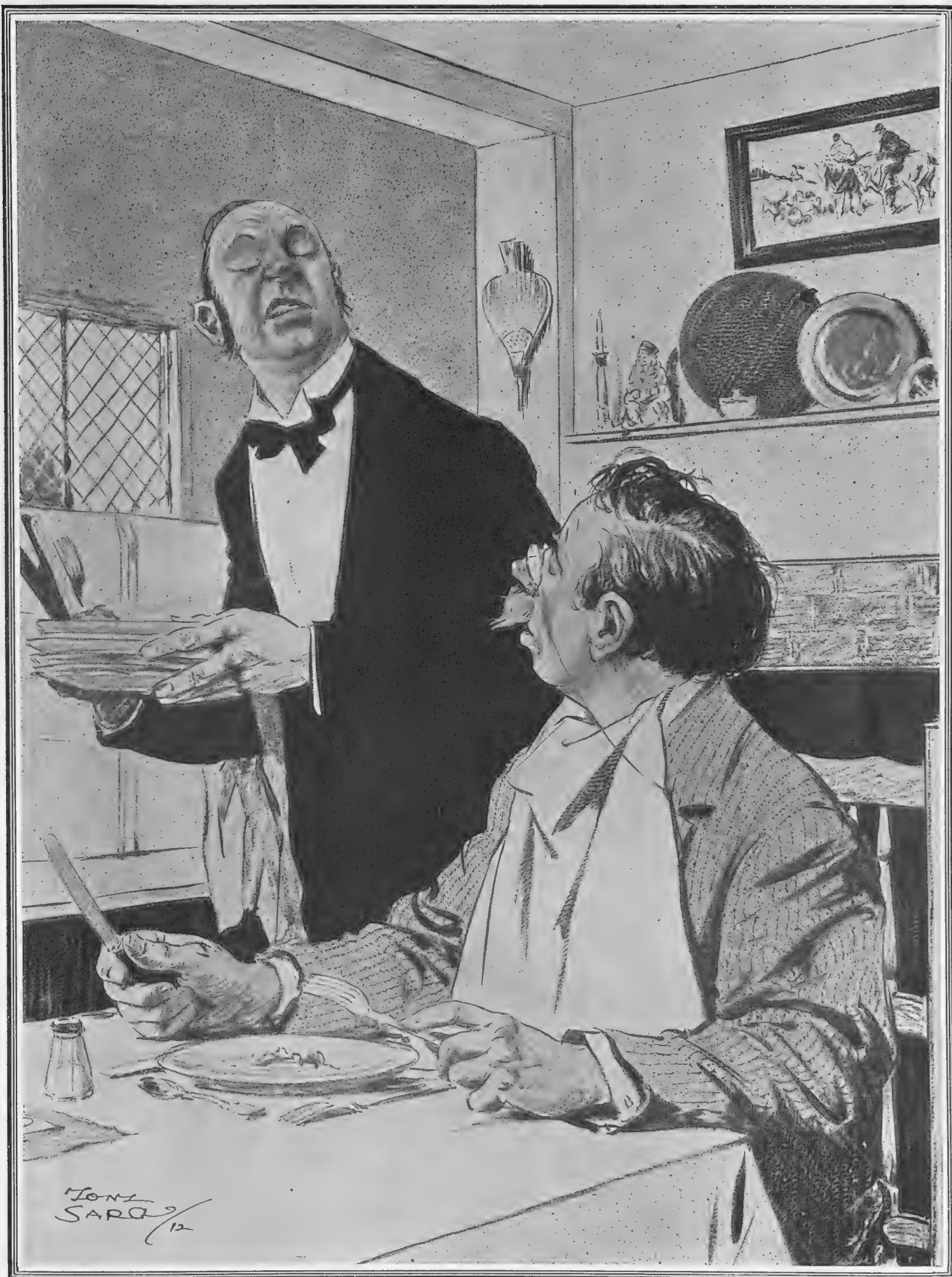


MR. A. F. WILDING ON THE COURT: "MY REVERSE SERVICE IN THREE POSITIONS."

Reproduced from Mr. Anthony F. Wilding's "On the Court and Off," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Methuen.

BANK HOLIDAY — NOT ACCORDING TO STRANG!

FOR SALE



THE LONELY VISITOR (*at a small hotel, very much on a branch line*) : I suppose visitors here are not very common ?
THE SUPERIOR WAITER : Indeed they are, Sir—painfully so—most on 'em.

DRAWN BY TONY SARG.



THE GARDEN.

By WILLIAM FREEMAN.

WE saw it first in the July twilight—warm, mysterious, a hundred old scents mingling under the clear, darkening blue of the summer sky. Sweetbrier, lavender, honeysuckle, roses—one could trace them all. It was the sweetbrier, I think, which finally settled matters so far as Daphne was concerned. She drew a deep, satisfying breath, and held my arm a little more tightly.

"Just under half an acre," the house-agent said. It had been Daphne who, catching sight of the name on the "To Let" board in the front garden, had insisted upon going to his offices. Chance had decreed that they should be open. He had come on to The Wilderness with us.

"Perhaps you would like to go over the place before it gets too dark?" he suggested.

We went with him into the mid-Victorian house, with its folding-doors and stained marble mantel-pieces, florid papers and echoing floors. There were many stairs, and a basement, but they had compensations. There was, for instance, a tiny octagonal room under the eaves, with a board that rattled with every step, and ivy almost obscuring the window, which held Daphne entranced. But our thoughts were, I think, still upon the garden.

"Forty-five pounds a year," said the agent; "or the owner would sell for four hundred."

"Oh!" breathed Daphne.

He misunderstood her.

"Mr. Mallingham is abroad, and anxious to dispose of the property. He might consider less."

We wandered from room to room—there were eight of them, dusty and echoing—until it grew too dark to see even the wall-papers, and then went back to the agent's offices.

"Well?" he queried.

"If Mr.—Mr. Mallingham will spend twenty pounds on the house, I'll take it on lease at thirty-five, with the option of purchasing," I said; "only we shall have to decide quickly."

"Then," said the agent, "I may as well tell you that we're empowered by Mr. Mallingham to enter into any reasonable arrangements on his behalf, and that you may consider the matter settled. I'll send you a draft of the lease in a couple of days."

"Very good," I said, and we turned to go. And then, for no particular reason, there came over me the conviction that events were moving altogether too smoothly and swiftly.

"I suppose," I said, "the house is all right—that it hasn't a reputation for being haunted, or of being the scene of a crime?"

The agent shook his head with emphasis.

"We shall miss the train if we don't hurry," said Daphne.

We walked to the station, stunned into silence by our amazing good fortune. From a stuffy little London flat to this detached paradise, and at such a price, seemed beyond the bounds of credence. To Daphne, I am sure, it did not seem real. She expected to awake in the same light of day to find it an exceptionally vivid dream. But it wasn't, and we didn't. Instead, we awoke to find a letter from the agent "confirming our conversation of even date." And when a surveyor had added his favourable report to the general testimony, various British workmen entered upon the scene, and the task of making The Wilderness a shade less mid-Victorian and a good many shades cleaner was begun.

Pressure of work prevented my paying more than one or two visits during the process, but Daphne haunted the place. It was almost on the eve of our entry, when very little remained to be done beyond cleaning up, when she called at the office with a blank face.

"Dick, Thompson's men have left!"

"Left?"

"The plumber went yesterday. I saw his wife this morning—they live nearly opposite, you know. She says that he's ill. She doesn't know what's the matter with him—he won't say. All he will say is that he wouldn't work in the house again for a million pounds."

"And the others?"

"They've left the house because he has. They've no other reason, so far as I can make out."

We met Thompson, a middle-aged man lately starting on his own account, that evening. He went over the house with us. The sun was flooding it with amber light, and the garden, through the

window of the little octagonal room, which was to be my study, looked as beautifully unreal as a stage picture.

I asked a question which I might have asked before.

"Who were the previous tenants?"

"An elderly lady—an invalid. Some people said that she wasn't quite right in her head. And before her, there was a man named Gennifer. He'd a long illness—I forgot what it was, except that it wasn't infectious. . . . Mallingham, the man you'll pay rent to, wasn't the original owner. He bought the place of the relatives of Professor Anthony Ravett. It was he who laid out the garden. They found him dying in the Little Coppice, half-a-mile at the back of it."

Anthony Ravett—I remembered the name dimly. A man of whom many stories were extant—Asiatic explorer, experimenter, author of books which no one would read, and propagator of theories which no one would believe. A career of great promise ending in stupid, sordid tragedy, as careers of promise have a knack of doing.

"As to why my men left," added Thompson, "I can give you no idea."

"If you could give us the name of a reliable charwoman instead—" insinuated Daphne.

The name of the reliable charwoman which Mr. Thompson supplied proved to be Merkins. She worked well, albeit a victim to a permanent inquisitiveness—so well, indeed, that Daphne abandoned the more intimate forms of supervision. But at the end of the third day of Merkins' labours she appeared, shrill-voiced and flushed, and demanded her money.

"For I ain't a-comin' 'ere no more," she said—and flatly refused further enlightenment of any sort.

"Someone's been scaring her—probably one of the workmen," I suggested, when Daphne came with the news.

"Very likely," she agreed absently.

"Her work's practically finished, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Daphne.

There was a pause.

"You're still glad that we've taken the house?"

"Of course!" said Daphne, with tremendous emphasis.

"I'll arrange for the furniture to be moved in on Thursday," I said.

And in the week that followed we were as busy and fatigued as two inexperienced people tackling their first house-moving, single-handed, may be expected to be. I took a holiday from the office, and wrestled with heavy furniture and hung pictures and curtains under Daphne's critical direction, until every muscle ached and my hands were like a navvy's. But our new home was a sufficient improvement on the old one to atone for a good deal of incidental weariness. Our microscopic flat on the third floor, where the smuts blew in all day and the noise of traffic never ceased, became as remote and unreal as a week-old dream. The Wilderness—and its garden—were all that counted.

At the end of the garden was an oak fence, with three trees, bearing red-gold fruit that seemed neither to ripen nor to decay, standing sentinel at each corner and in the centre. Beyond stretched a private park of some twenty acres; beyond that, a coppice. Our nearest neighbours were cottagers. Our isolation was complete enough to have satisfied a hermit. And the garden, with two years of semi-neglect to its credit, was more beautiful than any garden I have ever seen.

The house gained an inhabited look again—there is nothing under heaven more desolate than a building which has once echoed with footsteps and speech and laughter, and has been left to dust and silence for a space. We acquired a stolid and unemotional, but useful, maid from one of the villages near.

She left us during the second week. She gave no reasons. She merely re-packed the tin box with which she had arrived, and went. Her mood was sullen, tinged with some slight display of feeling under the sting of my wife's reproaches.

"The worst is over. We can tackle the housework ourselves," I said; "it won't be bad fun."

It might not have been bad fun, but by the end of the month I had come to the conclusion that it was bad policy. Daphne complained of weariness, which was natural enough. But she was irritable and taciturn, shirked even the lightest duties in the house,

[Continued overleaf.]

FREE LIST SUSPENDED: THE UNINVITED GUESTS.



UNASKED, BUT INTERESTED: EAGER SIGHTSEERS AT THE OPENING OF THE 1912 BAVARIAN ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION AT MUNICH.

and did not want my companionship. All of which was far from natural. My tentative offer of a new knife-machine and one or two other odds-and-ends she had craved led to an unexpected and amazing quarrel, ending in floods of tears. We went to the theatre once or twice—and she was frankly bored. I engaged other help, including a sprightly crone of sixty, who smashed an entire trayful of our best crockery, and a "lady-help," anæmic, gold-pince-nez-ed, and strongly averse to doing anything which might spoil her hands. But none of them stayed more than a day or so.

"I shall begin to wonder soon," I said desperately, at last, "whether we were wise in moving."

"I wish we hadn't," said Daphne, with sudden passion. "And yet—!"

"The garden!" I reminded her.

"If we were to leave that, I should die," she said, in a voice so low that I scarcely caught the words.

I didn't understand her. But her mood changed, and she seemed glad of my companionship. Evening after evening we walked side by side down the narrow, box-bordered pathway—an aisle of scented sweetness. The earlier fruits had ripened, and gone the way of all fruits, but the three trees by the oak fence were still heavy with their red-gold burden. I remember our halting beneath them.

"My botanical knowledge is limited," I said. "Perhaps if I were to take some of the fruit to Kew—"

"I want to show you the sunflowers by the southern border," said Daphne, with an impatient little jerk at my arm.

I put my hand up to one of the branches.

"Leave them on the tree, Dick. . . . They—they've a certain decorative value of their own, haven't they. And we don't know that they're good to eat."

I looked down at her. She was shaking violently.

"Are you cold?"

"No. Yet I think we will go in. See how wet the dew has made my shoes!"

We went in. Days passed—strange, unhappy days, in which I felt the invisible breach between us widen and widen. It was subtle beyond all definition or analysis. My efforts to regain the old frank footing, to achieve the old gay spirit of *camaraderie*, were pathetically seconded by Daphne; but they failed. Something stronger than either of us was thrusting us apart. She grew thinner, paler, obviously unhappy. I spoke of a change of environment, of seeing a doctor. She resolutely refused to entertain the idea of either, or to engage fresh help.

We had been at The Wilderness, I remember, three months, when I returned from town one evening to find the house in absolute darkness. We had had the electric light installed, and in a moment I had flooded the hall and dining-room with its brilliance. I wandered through the house, calling. There was no answer. I passed through the French windows of the drawing-room into the garden. Something glimmered, shadowy-white, at the far end of the lawn. It was Daphne. I carried her into the house, failed to revive her, and ran out again for assistance. At the gate I blundered into Thompson, the builder, walking beside his bicycle.

"My wife is seriously ill," I told him. "If you could fetch the nearest doctor for me—I've no one else to send—"

"The nearest lives nearly a mile from here, Sir. And my bicycle's punctured—"

"Then borrow mine," I said, and opening the door of the little corrugated-iron shed which disfigured our garden, brought out my own machine. The good fellow nodded, lit the lamp, and sped away.

I went back to Daphne. She was still unconscious. She was unconscious when, twenty minutes later, Doctor O'Keefe, a genial if not very competent Irishman, appeared. He spoke of the heat, of overstrain and overwork, of the necessity of getting her at once to bed, and of my having further assistance.

Thompson's wife, it seemed, was capable of nursing of a rudimentary type. I found the woman willing to come, and sent for her, thanking Heaven that I had still nearly a week of overdue summer holiday to my credit.

That night Daphne, as we watched, passed from a state of dull oblivion to wild delirium. Her voice, in a monotonous undertone, murmured unceasingly. Chiefly she spoke of the garden. It was a doorway, she said—a dreaded yet irresistible entrance into a wider garden, one exquisite beyond all human explanation, a limitless expanse of beauty. And each time she had travelled nearer and nearer to the entrance, and each time it was I who had drawn her back—

"Back—to this!" she moaned, and stretched forth groping, yearning hands.

We could do nothing, neither I, nor the Doctor, nor the good, slow-witted soul who had taken on her strange responsibilities so willingly. Towards the end of the second, never-ending day they insisted upon my resting. O'Keefe had given Daphne a sleeping-draught, and she lay silent and still. I was physically at the end of my tether.

I went up the crooked stairs to the little octagonal room. We had put a camp bed there for emergencies. From the window I looked down upon the garden, silent and dappled and chill under the moonlight.

It must have been a little after four when I awoke, shuddering.

A shaft of silver brilliance crossed my pillow. I sprang up to switch on the light, and the loose board creaked noisily under my slippers feet. I stooped hastily to push it into its place, and it swung away under my hand (afterwards I discovered that an iron pivot ran through its centre, clearly with a view to covering an old-fashioned hiding-place).

I peered down into the gap between the floor and the ceiling of the room below. At the bottom lay what I took to be a dusty scrap of wall-paper. I pulled it out, and found it covered with writing, dated diary-fashion. There were three pages.

"April 9th, 1889" (I read)—"To-day planted the seedlings which the Sheikh gave me. He swears he had them from a prisoner who took them from the lost Garden of Eden. Those who eat of the fruit are said to go through five stages—a violent restlessness and dislike for one's surroundings, an aversion for one's dearest friends, a state of mental exaltation in which visions of the Garden constantly recur, a condition of coma or delirium, and death.

"August 11th, 1889.—The seedlings appear to have struck. They are visibly taller than when I planted them."

"July 7th, 1890.—The three trees are now nearly four feet high. The Sheikh stated that they would bear fruit in the third year."

"June 21st, 1892.—Small fruit, of a golden-red tint, appearing. The taste is dissimilar to anything I have eaten before, but not unpleasing."

"June 28th, 1892.—Have decided to dispose of the house at the earliest possible date. A man named Mallingham has been over it, but he does not desire possession before the end of the year. If it were not for the Shiekh's fruit, I should leave at once."

"July 5th.—I am about to taste the fruit for the fourth time. No opium-eater has had visions to compare with mine during the last week or so. If there be any risk in continuing to eat the fruit, I am prepared to run it."

"July 7th.—I have seen the Garden. By to-morrow evening—"

There the writing ended. I knew now what Anthony Ravett had been seeking when they found him dying in the Coppice. I understood why the workmen and our maids had left, and why, fearing to confess to their petty thefts, they had offered no explanations. And I understood what Daphne had endured, and the penalty that would be demanded.

I raced down to the room below. Mrs. Thompson was leaning back in her seat, sleeping the sleep of stout and exhausted middle age. Her chair, for the moment, obscured my view of the bed, but only for a moment. It was empty.

Without pausing, I passed out into the garden. The lawn was chequered with moonlight, but the far end was in darkness. I ran down the box-bordered pathway to the fence.

Daphne lay under the middle tree. Her face was turned towards the sky. In her right hand, in a grasp which even I could not loosen, she held a half-eaten fruit.

I carried her back into the house and awoke the nurse. Our search for Doctor O'Keefe was mercifully brief. I met him on his way to the house.

He looked at Daphne. His lips formed the words, "Too late!" and my heart echoed them. Already her face had the look of one who has passed beyond the radius of human warmth and love.

"Give her the strongest restoratives you have," I said, "while I—"

I had no clearly defined plans. But a little later I found myself in the corrugated shed, fumbling in the dust and darkness for the axe which hung there. It was blunt, but heavy and serviceable. I ran with it to the trees, silhouetted, as I had so often seen them, black and stark against the paling sky. . . . I struck at the nearest with a calculated fury, blow after blow, some abnormally strained instinct telling me that if the new day broke before my work was finished, it would be futile and wasted.

The first tree fell sideways with a crash which pinned my shoulder to the fence. For an instant I thought my arm was broken. As I leaned back to get my breath, there oozed from the broken and twisted fibres of the trunk something dark and slow-moving. If it were sap, I have seen no sap like it, before or since. . . .

The second tree was the largest of the three. I strained and hacked, but it seemed an eternity before it fell. The third tree was a small one, but the blows I dealt were almost without force. I remember, at the last, as a man may remember the blurred horrors of a nightmare, that I dragged at the hacked trunk with my bare hands, and that it fell towards me.

I found myself leaning weakly against the fence. The first pale shaft of morning sunlight was lighting the path. Doctor O'Keefe's hand was upon my shoulder.

"She is asking for you," he said—and that was all.

We went back into the house together. Together we entered Daphne's room. She was pale—even paler than when I had left her. Her eyes were half-closed. She tried to lift her arms to me, but could not.

I bent and caught her to my breast.

"Dear!" she murmured, and lay silent and very still.

The eyes of the Doctor met mine.

"She has been to the very Borderland," he said; "but you have brought her back again. . . . She will live."

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

TURNBERRY TOPICS : A FEMININE "TRIUMVIRATE" AND IRISH LADY CHAMPIONS.

The Ladies' Championship.

By the time these lines are printed so that they may be read, more drives, iron shots, putts, and all the grand variety of golfing strokes will have been made at Turnberry than have ever been done in two or three days before on that pretty links, and the result will be that the destinies of the Ladies' Championship will be to some extent shaped. All the play out there along that fine coast and round by the lighthouse and out to the end and home along the landwards line will not have been done for nothing. Questions which were vague at the end of last week, but still were questions, may have become definite and acute; others may have disappeared; perhaps a new and quite unexpected possibility may have arisen. What of the tiny but very good little band of Colonial girls who entered? What about the comparative successes of the ladies who have husbands and those who have not? What about the old school and the new? The consideration of questions and sections, problems and nationalities, and all that sort of thing, as you sit at home and read about a championship during its progress, is really one of the most interesting things to a golfer. Dividing a draw up beforehand into eights and sixteens, and getting winners out of them, and from them finding the real, true winner

triumvirate for themselves, and the three who were named to me were Miss Cecil Leitch, Miss Ravenscroft, and Miss Lily Moore; but are there not others—Miss Neill Fraser, Miss Violet Hezlet, and several besides? However, I indulged in some very thin speculation on this championship last week, and am not to be tempted to anything of the kind again with the result so much nearer. But there

are some slight statistics that I have evolved that may with interest be applied to the situation on each day of the contest this week. There is the question of international rivalry, and in this matter the ladies differ very much in results from the men. No Irishman has ever won the male championship; but five times has an Irish lady won the championship of her sex. There were two Irish ladies engaged on this business alternately, and they are both married now. Fears are expressed that neither of them will ever win again, but there is still an unmarried Hezlet who is good enough. She was in the final last year, anyhow. England, I calculate, has seven victories to her credit, Scotland six, and Canada one, but it does appear rather nonsense that technically we are obliged to mark one of

Miss Dorothy Campbell's wins to Scotland, her real country, as one might call it, and another to Canada, to which she migrated immediately afterwards. Then, only once has the championship been won by a married lady, and that was six years ago. Both last year and the year before there was one in the semi-final, and Mrs. Bourn made a good fight of it at Portrush against Miss Dorothy Campbell, and was only beaten at the seventeenth hole.

But there is one thing this championship rarely produces, and that is a really big surprise. You would hardly call Miss Grant Suttie's win a

surprise in 1910, for some prophesied it. There was Mrs. Kennion's victory in 1898, and perhaps all the prophets were not standing by Miss Lottie Dod in 1904; but for anything else that was not a foregone conclusion—as they said afterwards—you must go back to the last century.—HENRY LEACH.

COL. J. E. B. SEELEY, M.P. FOR THE ILKESTON DIVISION OF DERBYSHIRE (6).

Drawn to play Mr. H. Mal-laby-Deeley, M.P. for the Harrow Division of Middlesex (Scratch).

MR. H. W. FORSTER, M.P. FOR THE SEVENOAKS DIVISION OF KENT (PLUS).

Drawn to play Mr. G. P. Collins, M.P. for Greenock (6).

DR. T. J. MACNAMARA, M.P. FOR NORTH CAMBERWELL (10).

Drawn to play Mr. Guy Wilson, M.P. for West Hull (12).



THE HON. C. T. MILLS, M.P. FOR THE UXBRIDGE DIVISION OF MIDDLESEX (SCRATCH).

Drawn to play Lord Lurgan (Scratch).



MR. H. J. CRAIG, M.P. FOR TYNEMOUTH (15); DR. T. J. MACNAMARA, M.P. FOR NORTH CAMBERWELL (10); AND MR. A. E. HUTTON.

Mr. Craig is drawn to play Mr. H. T. Cawley, M.P. for the Heywood Division of Lancashire (18); Dr. Macnamara to play Mr. Guy Wilson, M.P. for West Hull.

THE PARLIAMENTARY GOLF HANDICAP: SOME PLAYERS.

The draw took place the other evening for the Parliamentary Golf Handicap, the first and second rounds of which will be played at Rye on the 18th. The entry of 150 is a record. Players with handicaps of 13 and under form one class; players with 14 and over, another. The winners in the divisions will meet for the chief prize.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

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MR. L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS, M.P. FOR COLCHESTER (7). Drawn to play Lord Linlithgow (Scratch).



MR. T. MCKINNON WOOD, M.P. FOR THE ST. ROLLOX DIVISION OF GLASGOW (14).

Drawn to play Mr. W. Joynson-Hicks, M.P. for the Brentford Division of Middlesex (14).



LORD LINLITHGOW (SCRATCH). Drawn to play Mr. L. Worthington-Evans, M.P. for Colchester (7).



SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND IN TOWN: ELIZABETHAN "EARL'S COURT."



1. ELIZABETHAN ARCHITECTURE AT THE "SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND" EXHIBITION AT
EARL'S COURT: IN THE "COVENTRY ALMSHOUSES AND HOSPITAL."

3. IN THE GROUNDS OF EARL'S COURT: "PORCH HOUSE, POTTERNE."

2. THE FIRST ROYAL VISITOR: QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN "SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND,"
WITH ITS PROMOTER AND ORGANISER, MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST.

4. FROM LONDON PROPER: "OLD HOUSES, HOLBORN BARS."

Earl's Court is itself again: there is an exhibition there; nothing less than "Shakespeare's England," promoted and organised by Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, who has many claims to fame, in addition to that of being mother of Mr. Winston Churchill. The object of the Exhibition is to further the interests of the Shakespeare Memorial Fund. Official description says of it: "'Shakespeare's England' is not an exhibition in the ordinary sense of the word, and is not a pageant. But it is an accurate representation of the life of England three hundred years ago, under the reign of the great Tudor Queen and the first James." Another "but"—it is not dull, as so many things educational are apt to be.—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.]



THE MOTOR ON EARTH AND IN AIR: EVENTS, ACCESSORIES, FUEL, AND FEES.

A Real Amateur Hill-Climb.

Motoring can produce no more interesting competition than a hill-climb. When contested up a good steep pitch with one or two awkward turns it provides opportunities for the demonstration of car-efficiency and skilful driving offered by no other form of contest. From time to time, and notwithstanding the discouragement of the R.A.C., hill-climbs have been most successfully promoted by automobile clubs; but club members pure and simple, and amateur drivers generally, have had little hand in them: expert drivers of the trade have almost monopolised the events. The ordinary club member, with his car in touring trim and fettled up only as he best knows how, stands no chance with the member from the ranks of the trade, who has his car tuned up to the last note by the experts of his firm, and who may even, indeed frequently does, have special gearing fitted, so that the private man is right out of the hunt. But now the Sutton Coldfield and Mid-Warwickshire A.C. are to put a different complexion upon matters, for that club holds a climb on Wenlock Edge, in which not only are all trade drivers barred, but also all amateurs who have won a first prize in any hill-climb. This should provoke a big entry.

A Rock-Steady Speedometer.

No car can be deemed complete without a satisfactory speedometer and distance-recorder. Not only is the former of great use in driving through speed-limits and controls, but benches of magistrates have been known to accept the testimony of a proved speedometer even in the face of evidence sworn to on a thirty-shilling stop-watch by the ever-veracious and impeccable police officer. But there are speedometers and speedometers, and few of them, in addition to registering speed and distance accurately, are so made that the speed-indicating hand registers with absolute steadiness. This is very desirable, and those well known scientific-instrument-makers, Messrs. S. Smith and Son, 9, Strand, whose "Perfect" speedometers justify their distinctive name, have spent much time and money in the production of an instrument of which the indicating needle shall be absolutely steady at all speeds, and under all sorts and divers kinds of vibration. In this they have now signally succeeded, for in a demonstration run by four cars of various powers to Brighton and back last week, it was obvious that no sudden acceleration or slowing of the car, and no sort of road pounding had any effect on the steadiness of the needle. To have accomplished this is undoubtedly a triumph for Messrs. Smith and Son, Ltd., and must add to the already sound reputation possessed by their "Perfect" speedometers.

The Hydro-Aeroplane for Popularity.

Lacking the present arrival of that great desideratum in an aeroplane, automatic stability, I think I see a middle course for that section of the adventurous public who are keen to fly, but who hesitate at the possibilities and dangers of a too, too sudden descent to the hard, unyielding, and unsympathetic earth. The rapid evolution of the hydroplane is likely to prove a great factor in the popularisation of aviation.

The dangers of getting up from, flying over, and descending to water are far removed from those associated with over-land excursions, and if smooth water and fine weather are selected, mishaps, when they occur, should result in nothing much more serious than a ducking. I note that some bright mind has suggested that there is money for aviators in the installation of hydroplanes at popular seaside resorts, and the sight of passengers making successful, comfortable, and enjoyable flights would quickly arouse a big following and clientèle. At the Naval Review—now taking place as I write—there has been much hydroplaning, and I fancy we shall soon hear of visitors being taken trial trips in machines of that type; and therein will be a beginning to a big movement.

The Price of Petrol—A Consumers' Strike.

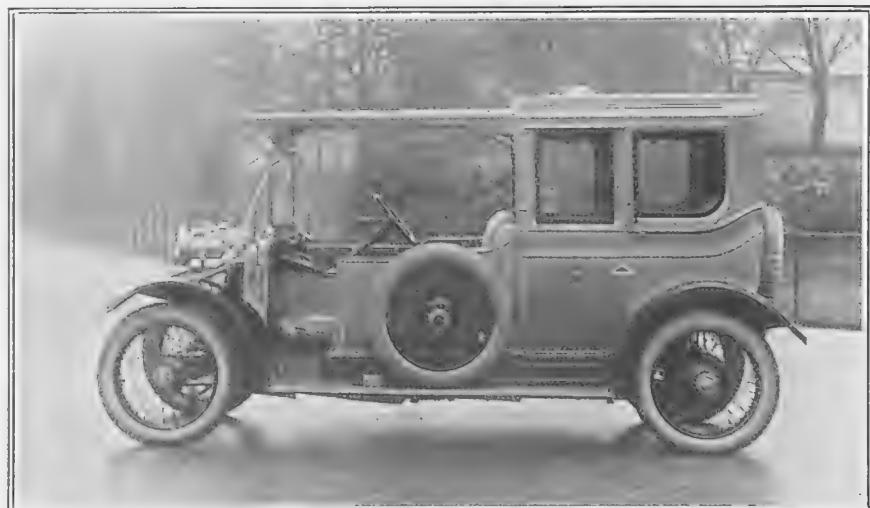
It may be that to gird and growl at the captive bird beating against the bars of its cage for liberty which never comes. But even in grumbling there is some solace—at least to an Englishman; and the grumbling at the moment is becoming profound. As a writer in the daily Press puts it, we are in the "grip of the group," though he vouchsafes no particulars as to who and what the group may be. But attention is very properly drawn to the fact, if fact it be, that while the private motorist has now to pay 3s. 2d. per two-gallon can of petrol—which is nearly fifty per cent. more than it was twelve months since—the commission-pampered taxi-cab driver gets a somewhat denser but equally usable spirit for 8d. or 8½d. per gallon, while the motor omnibus companies purchase drivable spirit in bulk at the same figure, or even less. Someone is feeding fat upon the unhappy owner, who is powerless to act on his own behalf, and seems to get but very little aid from the associations who so loudly trumpet their desire to help him in things various. But from what I hear, 1s. 6d. or 1s. 7d. per gallon



FITTED TO THE DOUBLE ROOF, WHICH HAS VENTILATING LOUVRES, AN ELECTRIC FAN IN THE MAHARAJAH OF REWAH'S NEW LANCHESTER.

The covered portion of the body is provided with a double roof, with ventilating louvres, fitted with an electric fan, which is arranged to suck air in through the louvres and propel it into the car. This fan is controlled by a conveniently placed switch. The fan-blades are protected or guarded by a thick basin-shaped glass at a short distance from the roof; this also forms a deflector for distributing the air and overcoming the discomfort of the draught of air blowing direct from the fan.

the price of petrol is but to emulate the captive bird beating against the bars of its cage for liberty which never comes. But even in grumbling there is some solace—at least to an Englishman; and the grumbling at the moment is becoming profound. As a writer in the daily Press puts it, we are in the "grip of the group," though he vouchsafes no particulars as to who and what the group may be. But attention is very properly drawn to the fact, if fact it be, that while the private motorist has now to pay 3s. 2d. per two-gallon can of petrol—which is nearly fifty per cent. more than it was twelve months since—the commission-pampered taxi-cab driver gets a somewhat denser but equally usable spirit for 8d. or 8½d. per gallon, while the motor omnibus companies purchase drivable spirit in bulk at the same figure, or even less. Someone is feeding fat upon the unhappy owner, who is powerless to act on his own behalf, and seems to get but very little aid from the associations who so loudly trumpet their desire to help him in things various. But from what I hear, 1s. 6d. or 1s. 7d. per gallon



SUPPLIED TO THE MAHARAJAH OF REWAH: A 38-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER LANCHESTER. The car is painted and upholstered in a most lavish style. The panels are the brightest of blues, and the leather upholstering matches them. The chauffeur's seat is so arranged that it can be folded up to give access to the passenger's seat. The limousine head and canopy are made detachable, so that the car can be driven as an open touring vehicle. For this contingency a Cape cart hood of the orthodox type is provided.

is not the end. We are to be faced with 1s. 9d. or even 2s. in the near future. Then fifty per cent. of the cars will go into dock. Ah! brilliant idea. Why not a strike of consumers to cease using petrol for six months?

[Continued on a later page.]

THE GALLOPING GAME: POLO AT RANELAGH.

THE RANELAGH Club is no more delightful retreat within the Metropolitan area than the Ranelagh Club, which is situated close to the river, midway between Putney and Barnes. It is one of the three big London clubs where polo is played, and here on almost any afternoon during the three months of the London season lovers of the galloping game are able to witness some exciting match or hard-fought tournament. Ranelagh is frequently honoured by royal visits—indeed, His Majesty the King, who himself used to play polo, is patron of the club, as was the late King Edward.

Old Cantabs and Tigers. The Club has four fine polo-grounds, so that Mr. F. A. Gill and Captain L. C. D. Jenner, the joint Ranelagh polo-managers, are able to arrange every year a very ambitious programme. Among the many attractive fixtures this season are eight tournaments, ten Friday handicaps, and over a hundred matches. Two well-known teams that make Ranelagh their headquarters are the Old Cantabs, captained by that famous player, Mr. Buckmaster, and the Tigers, a combination that is run by the French Count de Madre, who has a wonderful stud of ponies.

The Open Cup and the King's Coronation Cup. The principal Ranelagh tournament—the Open Cup—like the Hurlingham Champion Cup, which it will precede this year, being fixed to take place during the week ending June 8, is an unrestricted competition, and attracts the leading teams. Last year the tournament was won by the regimental team of the Royal Horse Guards, a side composed of Captain

which it always draws, is what is known as "Aldershot Day," which this year will be held on Tuesday, June 11. This is a great military function, including a splendid selection of music by massed military bands of over six hundred performers, and two one-day polo tournaments open respectively to cavalry and infantry regiments quartered in the Aldershot Command, Eastern Command, and London District. Another interesting tournament for soldiers only is the Ranelagh Subalterns' Cup, which is open to teams of subalterns from regiments of the Regular or Auxiliary Forces quartered not more than forty miles from London. Yet another Ranelagh military tournament is the contest for the Army Cup, which was presented in 1904 by Lieutenant-Colonel Frowd Walker, Commandant of the Malay States Guides. It is open to teams of past and present officers of His Majesty's Regular Army, classified as Household Cavalry, Dragoons, Hussars, Lancers, etc., and will probably be played for this year towards the end of the season, instead of, as formerly, in May.

Novices and Huntsmen: Lords and Commons. For the Ranelagh Novices' Cup there is always a big entry: last year fourteen teams com-

peted, and the winners were Capron House, a side in which the Hon. Harold Pearson, M.P., with his brother, Mr. Clive Pearson, and Lord Dalmeny played: the week of play this season is June 17-22. The Ranelagh Hunt Tournament is open—with certain restrictions—to members of, or subscribers to, any pack of foxhounds or staghounds in the United Kingdom or abroad. A team representing Mr. Fernie's Hunt last season won this challenge cup, which



CAPTAIN OF THE LILLESHALL TEAM WHICH BEAT THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS THE OTHER DAY: THE MARQUESS OF STAFFORD AT RANELAGH.

The Marchioness was an interested spectator of the game.



AT A GREAT POLO CENTRE: THE PONY ENCLOSURE AT RANELAGH.

Photograph by *Newspaper Illustrations*.

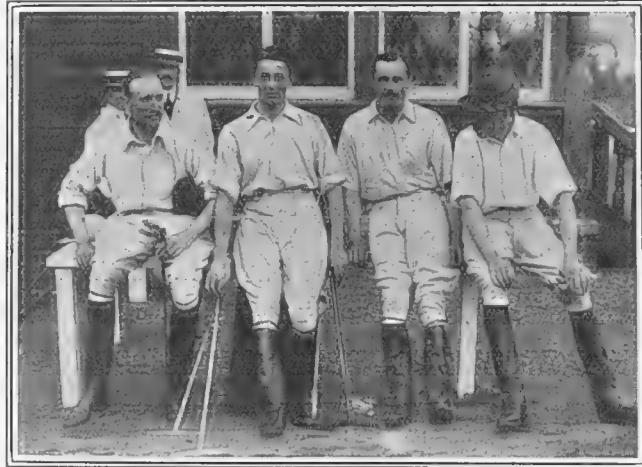
G. V. S. Bowlby, Captain Lord Alistair Innes-Ker—one of the Duke of Roxburghe's brothers—Captain Harold Brassey, and Mr. J. F. Harrison. Another important Ranelagh tournament is that for the King's Coronation Cup, a splendid trophy, value £250, which was presented last year by the Ranelagh Club Committee for annual competition by the winners of the Hurlingham Champion Cup, the Ranelagh Open Cup, the Inter-Regimental Tournament, and approved teams which have played together regularly in India or the Colonies or Dominions of the Empire. This challenge cup was played for last year for the first time, and the Indian Polo Association team that won it included Shah Mirza Beg, a native player from Southern India, and the following officers—Captain Leslie Cheape (1st King's Dragoon Guards), Captain R. G. Ritson (6th Inniskilling Dragoons), and Captain Vivian Lockett, of the 17th Lancers. The Cup was handed to them by the Duke of Connaught, who was present with his daughters, the Crown Princess of Sweden and Princess Patricia.

Aldershot Day and Other Military Tournaments: Probably the most popular fixture on the Ranelagh programme, judging by the huge crowd

is held for one year by the Master of the winning Hunt, and will be played for during the first week of July. Besides the foregoing tournaments there is also a Ranelagh Points Challenge Cup, which is competed for throughout the season by seven teams invited by the polo committee of the club: the sides chosen this year to play for the cup are Swillington (Sir Charles Lowther's team), Lilleshall (the Marquess of Stafford's team), the Magpies (Mr. Frank Bellville's team), the Wild Horse Estancia (Mr. H. Schwind's Argentine team), Stopham (a West Sussex team), Childe Okeford (the Hon. Hugh Grosvenor's team), and Capron House (the Hon. Harold Pearson's team)—last year's winners.

Saturday, June 29, is the date fixed for the annual Lords and Commons match. Last year the holdership of the challenge cup, which was presented by Lord Harrington—the *doyen* of polo-players—in 1896, was won by the Commons' representatives—the Hon. W. H. Pearson, Viscount Castlereagh, Captain the Hon. Frederick Guest, and Major the Hon. Henry Guest: they beat the Lords' team—the Earl of Shrewsbury, the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Roxburghe, and Major Lord Tweedmouth by five goals to four.

L. V. L. S.



THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS' TEAM WHO BEAT THE MAGPIES AT RANELAGH THE OTHER DAY: CAPTAIN LORD FRANCIS SCOTT, MR. H. DE TRAFFORD, CAPTAIN J. E. GIBBS, AND CAPTAIN E. B. G. GREGGE-HOPWOOD.

Photograph by *L.N.A.*



BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Those Six Persons. In Mr. Israel Zangwill's psychological playlet at the Coliseum—capitally acted by Miss Margaret Halstan and Mr. Dawson Milward—we have, for the first time on the stage, an attempt to portray dramatically what Tolstoy and Dostoevsky did in the novel—namely, the different persons there are in all of us, and yet so mixed as to form a definite character. If it did not involve the use of the soliloquy—now so out of date as to be actually absurd—this method of character-drawing must commend itself to all our rising playwrights. Mr. Zangwill's "six persons" are a newly engaged couple who meet, in the garish light of day, each firmly resolved to break off an engagement made under the light of a Chinese lantern overnight. Each seems to have for the other a certain amount of that wholesome antipathy which cynics declare to be the safest foundation for marriage. The girl does not want to be "tied" to a middle-aged, unsuccessful barrister; the man believes her to be penniless, and is in dread of sordid wedlock and a mother-in-law. Yet the lover's revelations about his lurid past only make his fiancée more interested in him. When the girl seems on the point of evading the wedding-ring the man is incensed at her indifference. Just as they are parting for ever he turns at the door, they "rush into each other's arms," and the six persons—four of whom objected strenuously to the match—give proof that they will shortly become one.

"The Inn of the Beautiful Star." This time of year when those who sleep out of doors begin to look upon you with glances which wither, for faddists of this description, however amiable in other respects, assume an air of superiority when May comes in which is difficult for the normal go-to-bed person to put up with. They are in a like case with vegetarians, water-drinkers, Post-Impressionists, Socialists, garden-maniacs, and wearers of all-cotton-woven clothing. It is true they are firmly convinced that those who do not hold with their special tenets and practise their strange rites are among the lost, and this attitude, held with firmness, is one calculated to unnerve the stoutest heart. Especially does the individual who chooses to sleep at "the inn of the beautiful star" regard you with disdain and contempt as you wend your way to your comfortable bedroom—a sleeping-place which he regards as eminently stuffy, unhygienic, and deleterious both to the body and the mind. For the worst of the faddist is that he is not content to practise his own fad on his own "vile body," but would have everyone conform to his idea of what is fitting for the human race. The faddist must be treated with firmness and gentleness, or he is likely to become a menace to the peace of society.

PARISIAN SIMPLICITY: A STRAW HAT WITH AN OSTRICH-FEATHER FRINGE.

This is a simple straw hat, with no other ornament but an ostrich-feather trimming which edges the brim.

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Modes for the Happy. Everyone knows how easy it is to look well—even distinguished—in mourning. Black, applied to the human being, is a refiner; but the tints of the rainbow—which, it seems, are to be in high favour this summer—are much more difficult to combine with the average countenance and the average form. High spirits are necessary for certain colours, such as rose, yellow, or grass-green; the more pensive puces and purples, lavenders and blues may be assumed when the vitality is lower and the outlook on life is a trifle pessimistic. The veiled effect which has been aimed at of late, as of blue skies or gorgeous sunsets dimmed by clouds, is a compromise of



TRIMMED WITH POM-POMS: A KILLING HAT.

This is a three-cornered hat in black tagat, trimmed with two pom-poms, the one black and the other white.

test that they are dragged from the scene of carnage to partake of luncheon or tea. Nor are the ladies behind in enthusiasm, once they have learnt the art of strategy and the mystery of tactics. Soldiers, nowadays, are so formidable in size and so realistically modelled, the great grey guns shoot their pellets of wood with such deadly precision, that you can get all the delirious emotion of warfare on the schoolroom floor. Even the mere female amateur is allowed to set out the scene and assist in the construction of houses and forests. For a village, a river, a bridge, a church, a castle, and rising ground made by large, thick boards, are all included in the *mise-en-scène*. Avenues, forests, clumps of trees can be hastily arranged by sticking small branches of hardy greenery into holes provided for this purpose. An innocent, joyous apple-tree may be in full blossom in the centre of the village square, close to the shop of Tompkins the butcher, and overshadowed by the square church-tower. So "all day long the noise of battle rolls," and terrible is the carnage done among those prancing cavalrymen and the intrepid British infantry. Each side is allowed ten minutes in which to move their troops, take up positions, or attack the enemy, and every second of this brief period must be utilised. The tension is immense, and the attitude taken up by the combatants to any outsider who ventures on to the field of combat is hostile to the point of frenzy. One has only to mention this fact to show that the new War Game has every attribute which will endear it to the more strenuous kind of Briton.



FOR THE MILITANTS: AN AMAZON HAT.

This is an Amazon hat made of Leghorn straw, lined with velvet, and having an aigrette of ostrich-feathers.

essentially modern origin. It synthesises the ends we aim at in dress, to express moods and emotions, as well as the needs and activities of the hour. The prudent woman with the lean purse does not invest her all in a hat of so triumphantly gay a "rake" that she cannot put it on when she is fatigued or sad. If she can buy but one, it must be sober of outline and suited to all moods. There are many fashions for the young and happy, but it requires tact and experience to know when to seek their aid.

An Entrancing Game.

The War Game—as

played by certain experts in country houses nowadays—bids fair to oust all other pastimes, so engrossing is its interest. 'Twill last from dewy morn to rosy eve, and keep all the menfolk entranced, speechless, and flat upon the floor for a solid seven or eight hours, for it is only under pro-

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on May 29.

THE MARKETS.

THE decision of the Directors of the Bank of England to reduce the official rate to 3 per cent. on the 9th inst. was in accordance with the expectation that we expressed last week. It was generally expected by the market and, apart from a small rise in Consols, had very little effect.

Business has not been very brisk in any department, and everyone will be delighted to see the back of the present nineteen-day account; even Home Rails have relapsed into a comatose condition. The labour outlook in several directions is giving rise to considerable uneasiness, and some anxiety exists in commercial circles lest there be further trouble in the docks this week, which would, of course, again upset trade. In this connection the Board of Trade Returns for April are interesting as they show the effects of the Coal Strike more clearly than did those of March, when it will be remembered that exports were only £150,000 down. For April the loss in exports amounts to nearly three millions, of which coal accounts for about two-thirds. Imports do not appear to have been affected, and at £60,415,000 show an advance of over 8½ millions. Taken altogether, the figures for March and April are certainly better than might have been expected, and for the first four months of the year exports are up £1,568,000, and imports show a gain of over nineteen millions.

American Rails have also been a heavy market and have plenty of troubles of their own; the anthracite coal strike has not yet been settled, and the Taft-Roosevelt dispute has not helped prices. Canadian Rails, however, have been a good market on buying which is reported to have emanated from Berlin, and Canadian Pacifics created a new record by touching 265½, but are since a little down from this figure.

THE UNITED RAILWAYS OF HAVANA.

When the United Railways of Havana absorbed the Western of Havana, which serves the rich district of Pinar de Rio, we expressed the opinion that they had done an excellent stroke of business, and, from all we can now learn, this view is turning out correct. It is true that the gross traffics of the Western system show a slight decrease—about £5000 in all—since June last, but increases have been shown during the last few weeks, and the tobacco crop, which is now completed, has turned out to be a record one. Savings in working expenses are sure to be achieved as a result of the amalgamation, and we think the working figures of the twelve months will show an improvement over last year's.

If Cuba continues to enjoy fine weather for another month the safe harvesting of the huge sugar crop will be assured, and, as the United Railways handle about 35 per cent. of Cuba's whole crop, they will benefit enormously. Gross traffics to date are £115,700 higher than last year, and £35,000 of this has been gained during the last fortnight, so it looks as though the total for the year ending in June will be at least £200,000 higher. Results such as these are bound to attract attention, and we expect to see the stock standing higher than its present price of 88 before very long.

BURMAH OIL COMPANY.

In common with most of the other markets, the Oil Market has been much less active during the last week or so, but it appears probable that there will be a renewal of activity before very long, and we think the shares of this Company have considerable attraction. While many Companies, such as Shells, Lobitos, etc., have advanced appreciably since the beginning of the year, the shares of the Burmah Company have only advanced about 4.

This Company, which was formed in 1902, and has a capital of £2,905,000 in Ordinary and Preference shares and a Debenture issue of £260,000, holds practically all the Ordinary capital of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. This latter Company has excellent prospects and will shortly be a valuable asset, as the laying of the pipe-line and the erection of pumping-station, and also of a refinery at the head of the Persian Gulf, are nearing completion. The position disclosed by the balance-sheet of the Burmah Company is an exceptionally strong one, as goodwill does not appear at all, and ample provision is made for depreciation and reserves: £100,000 was credited to the general reserve fund in 1910, bringing the total under this heading up to £305,000. The dividend was 20 per cent. in 1910, and 30 per cent. during the three preceding years, and at least as much can reasonably be expected for 1911. Ten per cent. interim dividend was paid in October last, and the announcement of the final dividend is expected at the end of the current month, so that the shares are practically "full" of a 10 per cent. dividend, which makes the yield at 3½ about 5 per cent.

The increased selling price of oil must enormously affect the results for 1912, and when the Anglo-Persian holding becomes fully remunerative it seems certain that dividends will be greatly increased.

NITRATE PROSPECTS.

The advance which is taking place in the quotations of all the leading Nitrate shares will not come as a surprise to readers of this column, and should benefit some of them. The improvement is based on the solid fact that the value of nitrate-of-soda is steadily growing, because of the increase of consumption, and during the next season higher prices are looked for than in the past year. Many of the best shares can still be bought to return 10 per cent. even on current prices, and a still higher yield may be expected in the future. Holders should therefore be in no hurry to realise, unless a much higher range of quotations is reached. Particulars of the most promising shares have often been given here, and it will be sufficient to mention a few facts to-day. The *Liverpool Nitrate Company*'s shares are the highest priced, but perhaps the cheapest bag in the market—an interim dividend of 4½ has recently been declared against 10s. a year ago, and about 50s. may be expected for the year. The Company is doubling its plant, and will be a much larger producer shortly. The shares should go over £30. This seems eminently a case in which share-splitting would be justified and advisable. *Lagunas Syndicate* shares have advanced as anticipated here, and will go over 20s. in time. No interim dividend will be paid, owing to the large amount of cash being used for Debenture redemption; but a dividend for the year of at least 7½ per cent. is looked for in November. The greatly improved *maquina* of the *Rosario Nitrate Company* is approaching completion, and after this year much larger dividends are looked for. Amongst other shares, the following should go higher: *Angela Nitrate*, *Salar del Carmen*, *Santa Catalina*, and *Tarapaca and Tocopilla*, all of which may be considered sound 10 per cent. investments of their class at current quotations. Q.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

There are people who say that this year's Academy is not worth the inevitable headache, but Our Stroller bravely took the risk, and his wife. She declared that in several of the rooms there were some "quite nice pictures," and wanted to linger over the book with the prices in it. This proceeding so alarmed her husband that he bethought himself hurriedly of an important engagement in the City, whereupon Madame also remembered an appointment to tea at a Ladies' Club, and the twain parted in Piccadilly—she to go West while he hied Eastward.

"I wonder if you saw the portrait of John Coles," said his broker, when Our Stroller told him he had just come from Burlington House.

"A kindly-faced man with a short beard? Is that it?"

"Yes; that's John Coles. He's a member of the Stock Exchange, retired from active business, but very popular with his heaps of friends. I knew him well. It's a presentation portrait," said the broker.

"Seems to me," said Our Stroller, "that your Nigerian Tin Market is not going to do much good out of such incidents as the Anglo-Continental and the Nassarawa—however you pronounce the name."

"The disappointing Jos return was another nasty smack," a Kaffir jobber reminded them.

"Our market is by no means done with," declared one of its dealers. "Some day you'll see it come again. And keep your eye on Prestea Block 'A.'"

"They tell me to buy a thing called Boma, for special settlement," Our Stroller observed. "One pound shares about one-sixteenth premium, aren't they? Do you know anything of the Company?"

"All right to put away, I believe, and there might be an eighth rise in them," said the jobber who had spoken previously. "Depends upon the rest of the market, of course."

"They tell me to buy Ural Caspians even now," said the broker, almost in a whisper, as though ashamed to mention such a thing.

"Gone beyond my figure—"

"Yes, you're getting leaner every day," laughed another, as he surveyed his friend's ample proportions. "A pretty beauty, you, to talk about your figure!"

"Don't be such a fool," was the testy reply. "It isn't everyone who'd care to neglect his business for dominoes and golf."

"Fairly bunkered again!" was the mock lament. "I'll let you through. Fore! Oh, da—"

A four-wheeler, however slowly driven, is not a thing to argue with, and the crowd fell back right and left. Our Stroller was drifted into the Marconi Market.

"Can't make out what to do with Canadians," a broker was saying. "I believe we shall see them lots better, but the market doesn't look good."

"There's a biggish bull account left; there are dozens of ladies holding shares; in short, there is a multitude wanting to get out on any rise."

The broker sniffed. "They'd all come in and buy more shares if the price hardened up again," he said.

"Well, I should feel disposed to keep them a bit longer," his friend counselled. "And if they went to 25s., I'd average."

"There's more scope in the Oil Market," declared a bystander. "Take things like Maikop Victory, Grosny, Red Seas, Shells even, and—"

Our Stroller, for the manyth time, had allowed curiosity to conquer courtesy, and the two speakers stared hard at him: so hard, that he tried to cover his confusion by asking for a match, after which he retreated with precipitation.

[Continued on page 104.]



THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Great Hostesses. Only one of these appears, so far, in the social firmament of the season. Constellations of smaller stars are giving dances every night. These are very delightful, thoroughly enjoyed, and resemble each other as do peas in a pod. That the Duchess of Devonshire will give a ball on Derby Night is an affair of a different description. It is not that this ball will be better done than those at smaller houses, at the Ritz, the Savoy, or Claridge's. Entertainments at these places are hard to beat; great hostesses never try to beat anything—they entertain in their own orbit, that is all. The King and Queen will honour the ball with their presence, other members of the Royal Family will be present, and those who will be invited to meet their Majesties will look upon themselves as of the highly favoured. How long such institutions as great hostesses will last, who can say? We may all be citizens and citizens charmed with municipal gaieties and looking up to four-hundred-a-year Members of Parliament as the arbiters of our destiny, ere we shuffle off this mortal coil. Meanwhile, the certainty of the London season proper having begun is established by the announcement of two May Courts, and a ball at Devonshire House, followed by a reception six nights later, while



TOWING AN AEROPLANE ON LAND: MR. GRAHAME WHITE'S MACHINE ARRIVING AT WEYMOUTH.

Mr. Grahame White arrived at Weymouth on Wednesday morning last week, and made some fine flights before the naval airmen began their exhibition. He was the first airman to circle the royal yacht, and he flew round the whole fleet, the town of Weymouth, and thence over Portland. He made further flights later.—[Photograph by *Newspaper Illustrations*.]

countless announcements that "Lady Patricia Polestar," or "the Hon. Mrs. Fourstar," or "Mrs. Threestar, wife of the well-known millionaire," etc., etc., will give dances, leave us both uninterested and uninspired by the glittering prospect.

THE Material. This is said to be a taffetas season, and it is so as far as dressy occasions are concerned. For the thousand-and-one occasions when British women want to look neat, simple, and well turned out, when they want their children to be happy and comfortable and yet smart and tidy, Tobralco is the thing. So far as cotton is concerned, Tobralco has come, been worn, and conquered, and this will be a Tobralco season. It is made in the Sunnyside Mills at Bolton, Lancashire, from cotton grown in Egypt, made in the best conditions, by the most up-to-date machinery. The appearance of the material is silky; there are many designs and many colours; it has fast dyes that resist washing and light and all other influences which cause ordinary dyed materials to fade. Hundreds of thousands of pounds have been spent on new chemicals to secure these desired results and give to us this really beautiful fabric in colours as well as in white, in which we have learned to love it. It costs, in colour, only 10*½*d. a yard, while the pure white costs 9*½*d. It is untearable, and therefore makes ideal children's frocks. It is neat, dainty, and charming, wherefore it makes delightful frocks for all womankind.



GIVER OF A VOCAL RECITAL AT AEOLIAN HALL ON THE 15TH: MISS VERA BIANCA.

Miss Vera Bianca's recital is under the patronage of Queen Alexandra. Other artists taking part in it are Mme. Marie Dupont, violinist; Mme. Chevallier, pianist; and M. Juan de la Cruz, of the Royal Opera, Copenhagen.—[Photograph by *Paul Berger*.]

Quality, Quality,ern Farmer and Again Quality. If the "North- and Again Quality. had lived now he would probably have preferred

quality to proppety. There is much property, nowadays, that is not worth having, although the farmer meant land, and even that is a bit of a sham, through taxation. Things are indeed seldom what they seem. The man or woman who pays five pounds for a fitted dressing-bag or suit-case that looks worth ten is speedily made aware of this fact. There is only one escape from the lure of the cheap, faked to look like dear—it is by way of the firm with a great reputation, who could not an they would do such things, and who would not if they could. The utmost value for their customers has been the principle that built up the great business of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths, 112, Regent Street. Naturally, it has been possible to secure this only through foresight and business acumen and the command of capital. No business endeavours to compete with a philanthropical institution; only shoddy ones pretend to do so.

The name of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company marked on a bag and its fittings secures the best leather and the best fittings. So large and varied is the stock that all can find something to suit their price, with the knowledge that it is thoroughly good. There is probably in all the world no such stock of pearls as that held by the Company, and all bought in good markets. The same is true of their other precious gems, while for workmanship and design they hold the very highest awards at all first-class European exhibitions. Therefore, for value, value, and again value, read Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street and test what you get there; years will prove what I say.

Once Bitten,
Twice Sanitas.

One of the plagues of hot climates from which we are far from exempt is mosquitoes. Of recent years almost everyone has suffered from the bites of these poisonous insects, nor are they the only ones that bite badly and cause unpleasant, sometimes dangerous, results.



NATURE AS MILLINER: MISS ALICE LINDAHL WEARING A HAT TRIMMED WITH INDIAN CORN FOLIAGE.

For some time the use of real flowers for trimming hats has been in favour. Other products of the vegetable kingdom seem now likely to be so utilised. Miss Lindahl, it may be mentioned, recently appeared as Lovetty Tolliver in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," in New York.



TOWING A TRESPASSER AT SEA: A "MOVING ON" INCIDENT OF THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES AT WEYMOUTH.

The process known on land as being "moved on" by the police takes the form at sea of being taken in tow by a naval launch, as in the incident here illustrated. Strict precautions, of course, are taken during naval manoeuvres to prevent unauthorised craft from trespassing in forbidden waters.—[Photograph by *G.P.U.*]

Everyone knows Sanitas Fluid and its wonderful antiseptic and disinfectant qualities. What everyone should also know is that it reduces inflammation and ill-effects from poisonous insect-bites. Also, and still more important, if sponged on the exposed parts of the body, it is a preventive of such bites. To travellers in warm climates this knowledge will be an inestimable boon, and even to those who dwell or sojourn in countries of a more temperate climate, like our own, the suggested use of Sanitas makes all the difference to personal comfort during a spell of hot weather, which, without it, often means a period of irritation. Sanitas should be applied with a fob to the bites; when relief will speedily be felt.

Continued from page 192.]

Dozens of men, brokers and jobbers alike, have wondered about the identity of Our Stroller as he has stood in Throgmorton Street, but so far as we know, the veil of perplexity has not been pierced, up to the present.

More cautiously, he approached a group of men in eager discussion of the new scale of commission.

"It will drive away business from the House in such things as Yorks, Dover 'A,' Trunk Thirds, Mexican Rails, and other moderately priced railway stocks," said one.

"Speculative business will certainly be hard hit," Number Two concurred.

"I'm going to start a bucket-shop," added a Third. "That's the business which will pay, my boys!"

"The small punter is not going to pay the stiff official rates, of course. He'd be an ass if he did, because it would simply blanket his chances of making money."

"And the jobbers will tell us that their markets have dried up for lack of business, so they must make wider prices. Isn't that so?"

The others nodded. "And our high-souled newspapers will have articles against the Stock Exchange in order to attract into adjoining columns the highly paid advertisements from cover-snatching bucket-shops all over the place."

"I always said you ought to have gone in for literature. You talk like it!" And the group broke up, laughing.

"Can't help thinking there's more labour trouble to come."

"Oh, cut it, you old pessimist! Just because—"

"Mex. Eagles are going to fifty bob this account—at least, I'm told so by a man—"

"If you don't mind seeing a loss first, I should stick to Dover 'A' and Chathams. This Kent Coal—"

"Not till they're twenty-five. At twenty-five sell City Lights! And I'll get it, too. If the Corporation—"

"Never knew such a man!" cried his broker, catching Our Stroller by the arm. "You're as slippery as you're good-looking. Have you heard the tale about—"

RUBBER FACTS AND FIGURES.

The latest edition of this excellent little book, published at 1s., by Messrs. Fred. C. Mathieson and Sons, should be in the hands of every person interested in Rubber shares. The publication is usually every six months, and brings the information about every Company dealt in on this market right up to date. Not only is the

capital, planted area, output, and price of shares for the last three years given in each case, but the monthly outputs for 1910-1911, and three months of 1912 are tabulated, and all known forward sales recorded. The book is indispensable to the would-be rubber investor.

Saturday, May 11, 1912.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

SIROCCO—We think well of the Burmah Company. The second mentioned by you is a regular gamble on the continued activity of the Oil Market. As to the third, it is a Company registered in New Zealand, and very little information is available. Better be left alone.

SPINSTER.—The Company is too new for much opinion to be formed. We do not feel inclined to recommend it.

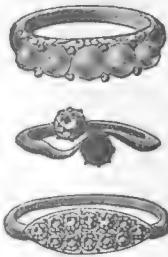
WHITEHALL.—The securities Nos. 1, 2, and 3 are likely to appreciate; we also think Chathams may still improve as a lock-up. No. 5 we know next to nothing of. We suggest also Guayaquil 5 per cent. Bonds and Arauco Ordinary shares for your purpose.

RHODESIAN.—Our inquiries lead us to think that the assets in sight at a break-up are worth over 30s. a share, and that the present price is low enough, as there is very good hope of picking up the lost reef again. The people in the market who know most are all in favour of the mine.

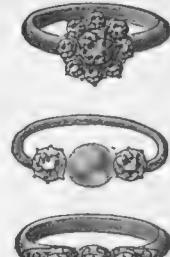
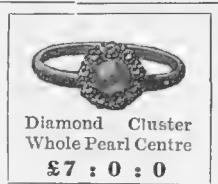
HARDELOT DOMAIN, LTD., is a Company formed to acquire a freehold estate at Hardelot, about six miles from Boulogne, known as the Hardelot Domain, consisting of 927½ acres of freehold land, with a sea-frontage of nearly two miles, for the purpose of further development as a seaside and country pleasure resort. The purchase price is £397,180, payable as to £153,800 in cash, £140,880 in bonds of the present issue, and the balance in shares and profit-sharing certificates. The Company has also obtained an option to purchase a property adjoining the above domain. The share capital is £125,000 in 500,000 shares of 5s. each. There is a bond issue of £500,000, and it is £325,000 of these 6 per cent. First Mortgage bonds which are now being offered to the public at the price of 85 per cent. Subscribers for bonds will be entitled to receive ten profit-sharing certificates free of charge, and to an allotment at par of twenty-five shares for each £100 bond subscribed for. The property is valued at about 12s. 9d. a square metre; the parts already sold have realised over £1 per square metre, while the price payable by the Company is 1s. 9d.

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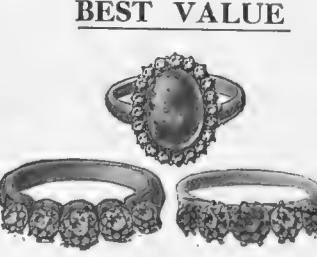


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The Glamour of Old Furniture

Those who value old furniture, not for its age alone, but for the sheer beauty of its craftsmanship, will appreciate a visit to the Soho Galleries. Here will be found original specimens of the XVIIth and XVIIIth Century periods—furniture which will stand for all time as the most perfect productions of Craftsmen who loved their work.

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There are examples of massive XVIIth Century Oak Furniture, the richness and beauty of which have not been dimmed by time. The visitor will also find a representative collection of the works of Chippendale, Sheraton, Hepplewhite, the Brothers Adam, and other XVIIth Century designers whose productions set the standard of perfection.

GILL & REIGATE, LTD.

(The Soho Galleries)

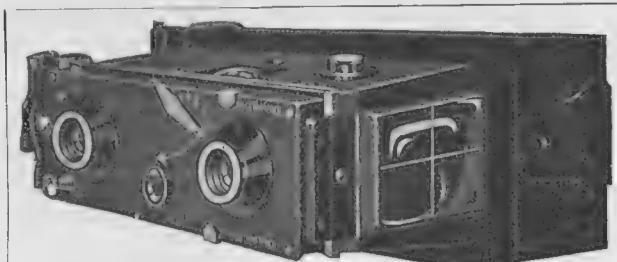
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There is no photography that vies with the Stereoscopic. The ordinary paper prints are "flat," poor, and lifeless compared with stereoscopic pictures, in which every detail of each figure, tree, or leaf can be viewed standing out in the same bold relief as in actual life. Anyone who has never shared in the joys of Stereoscopic photography should pay a visit to Jules Richard, Verascope House, 27, New Bond Street, W., where they will see Stereoscopic pictorial gems, all of which have been created by amateurs with the Verascope Camera. This Camera is so simple to work that a child can learn quickly to produce beautiful photographs of lasting delight. Therefore write for List No. 4 to-day.



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Does it smart and burn?

Has it occurred to you that your method may be wrong? Your barber doesn't use a scraping razor. Ask him why.

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BEST—

because it succeeds where scrapers fail, for it cuts—not breaks—the beard close to the skin without pulling or irritating the face.

because the infinite superiority of its hollow ground, interchangeable blades, due to their extreme keenness and uniformly perfect temper, assures steady, efficient service without the constant new blade outlay so unavoidable with other razors.

because its self-regulating safety guard automatically assumes the same adjustment and smooths the way for the cutting stroke. Day after day the "Universal" gives the same safe, clean, comforting shave.

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The Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton



Photo by Lafayette.

The Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton writes: "I always keep a bottle of Formamint Tablets in the house, as I think them quite excellent for Sore Throat."

The Marchioness of Sligo



"The Most Hon. the Marchioness of Sligo finds Formamint Tablets very useful for Sore Throats, and always has a bottle of it in the house."

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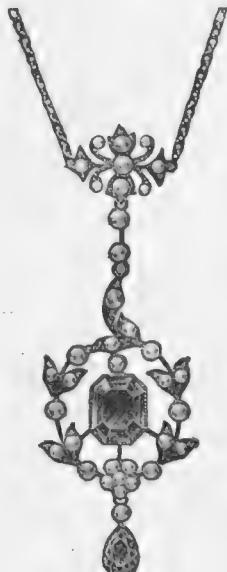
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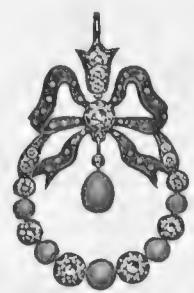


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Coffee boiled in ordinary pots or percolators loses its fine aroma—becomes bitter and unwholesome.

In the "UNIVERSAL" Coffee Percolator, the aromatic and invigorating essence of the coffee is extracted before the water boils. Coffee thus made is perfect—free from the elements which cause this delightful beverage to disagree with so many people when made in the ordinary way.

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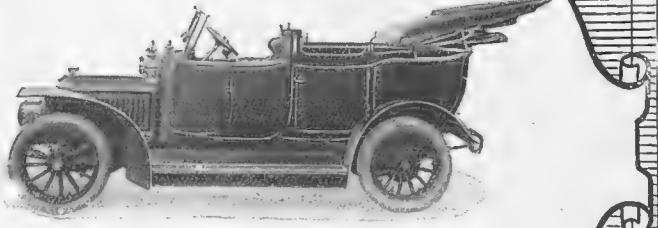
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"Everything that the name implies."

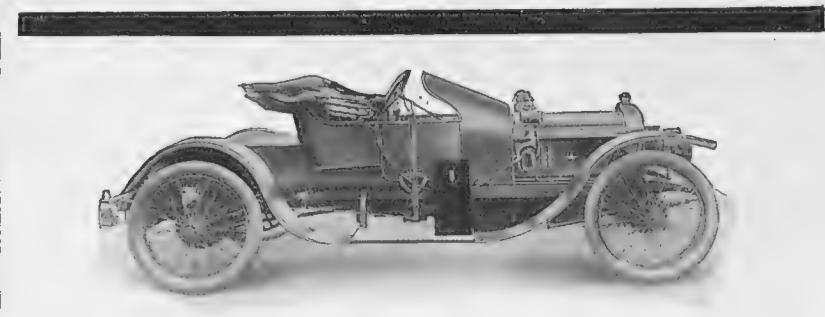
Quite a lot of people think that building a light car is simply a matter of lightening the various parts which go to make up the whole. Many manufacturers are also of this opinion. That is why so many light cars are unsatisfactory! When the designers of the B.S.A. set to work they certainly cut down weight in every possible direction, but—and here is the most important point of all—they also specified that the lightened parts be made from a much higher grade of steel than that usually used in light car construction.

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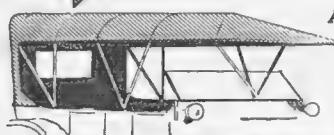
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A leather hood in appearance.
Much less weight.
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PANTASOTE contains no rubber, nor anything of an inflammable nature.

Guarantee. PANTASOTE is guaranteed to be absolutely waterproof, not to rot, crack or split, or to be affected by climatic changes, and not to contain rubber nor anything of a perishable nature.

Your builder will submit patterns. Or full particulars with patterns sent free on application to—

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No need to think of the sea water and sunshine if you wear TOBRALCO. Whether you wear delicate mauves, Quaker greys, shell pinks, or any other dainty TOBRALCO shade, neither sun nor sea water, nor repeated washing will injure them. And both WHITE and COLOURED Tobralco are easily done up. No starch needed—simply iron while damp, and the beautiful silky finish remains.

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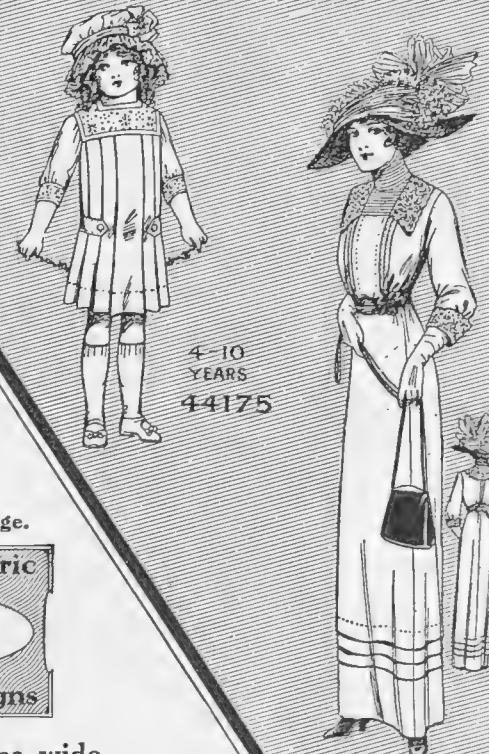
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Mummy won't mind
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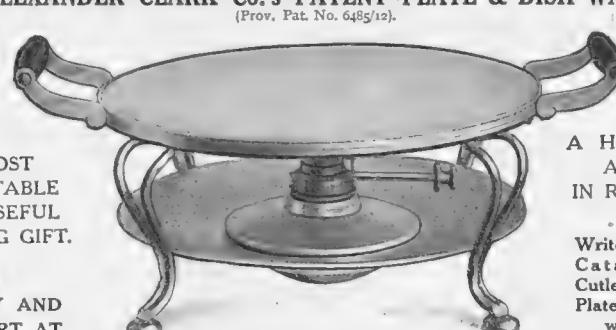
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LUXURY AND
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A NECESSITY
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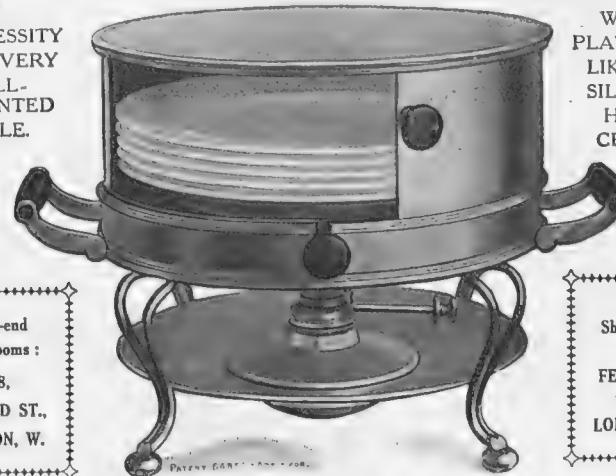


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A Famous Cricketer

Nerve Strain, Weariness,
Exhaustion—

"To enable me to *wear* well," says George Hirst, the celebrated Yorkshire cricketer, "to get the *best* out of oneself, Phosferine is wonderfully effective, and imparts a marvellous reserve of staying power." Speaking of these very same unique advantages possessed by Phosferine, Charles Gardiner, the winner of the 1909 Marathon, said, "Phosferine permanently invigorates and tones up the system, and, in fact, *proved my greatest mainsay*."

Wherever men gain distinction by severe mental or physical effort, fight pluckily and cheerfully against great odds, it is always upon Phosferine they rely for the power and energy to see them through. To Gardiner, struggling through heat and dust, it meant victory, to George Hirst, overwrought with the nervous tenseness and suspense of a critical game, Phosferine means the steady nerves and staying power which enable him to *wear* well. The splendid form which distinguishes George Hirst's wonderful play testifies to the energising potency of Phosferine, which, says the redoubtable cricketer, dispels all the exhaustion and weariness caused by prolonged batting and bowling under a hot sun.

Quite Naturally Overcome.

G. H. Hirst, the wonderful Yorkshire cricketer, Kirkheaton, Yorks, writes:—"I have found that after a very hard day's work in the cricket field, when my system has felt exhausted and my whole body weary, Phosferine always exerts a wonderfully refreshing, stimulative and restorative effect. When my nerves have been greatly overwrought by the excitement and strain of prolonged bowling and batting under a hot sun, your preparation both calms and strengthens them, and enables me to *wear* well throughout the most trying season. Phosferine endows one with marvellous staying power, and its timely use wards off all the ill-consequences to which athletes are especially prone from the nature of their calling—exposure, &c."

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THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Backache
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and disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.



The Royal Tonic



Phosferine has been supplied by Royal Commands

To the Royal Family
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And the Principal Royalty and Aristocracy throughout the world.

The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

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A Catalogue of Valuable Modern, Antique, and Oriental Furniture and Effects.

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Fine Quality Real Turkey Carpet, about 9ft. 6in. by 12ft. 6in. ..	7 10 0
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Very Pretty Design and Heavily Chased Salver, ..	1 15 0
Pierced Side Tray, 24 in. by 16 in. ..	2 17 6
Tea Urn, 22 in. high ..	2 10 0
Tea Kettle, on Stand ..	3 10 0
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Costly pair of Candelabra, 22 in., high, Corinthian Pillars, surmounted by dragons, on base ..	8 8 0
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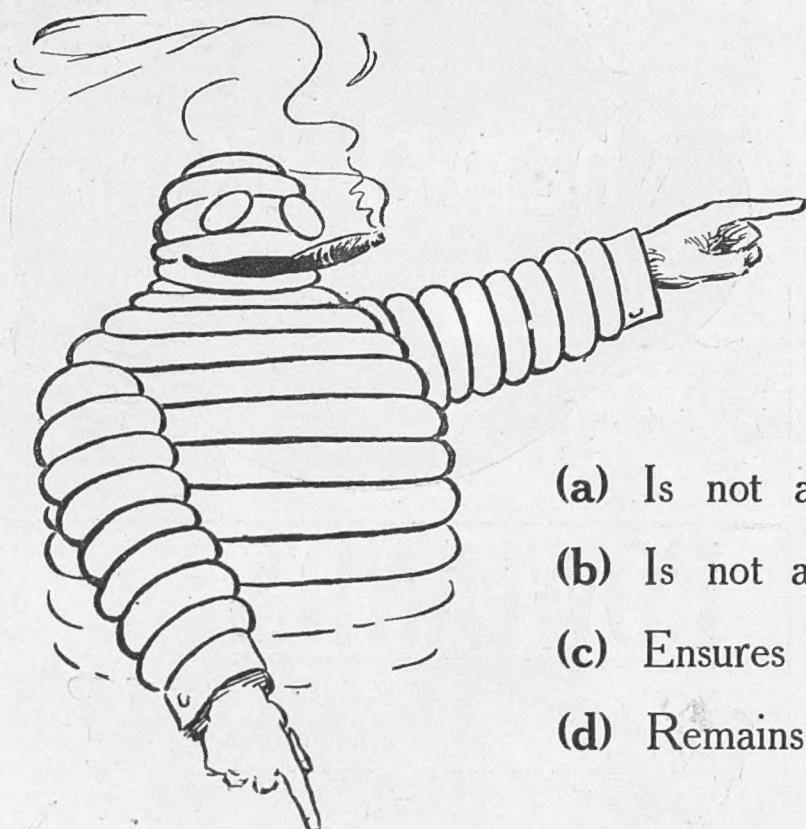
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Which Non-Skid

- (a) Is not an imitation
- (b) Is not an experiment
- (c) Ensures a firm grip on the road
- (d) Remains a non-skid all its life

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The

MICHELIN

"Semelle"

BECAUSE :

- (a) It is the original non-skid, of which all others are imitations.
- (b) It is the product of our own experience.
- (c) It has specially hardened steel studs which project above the tread.
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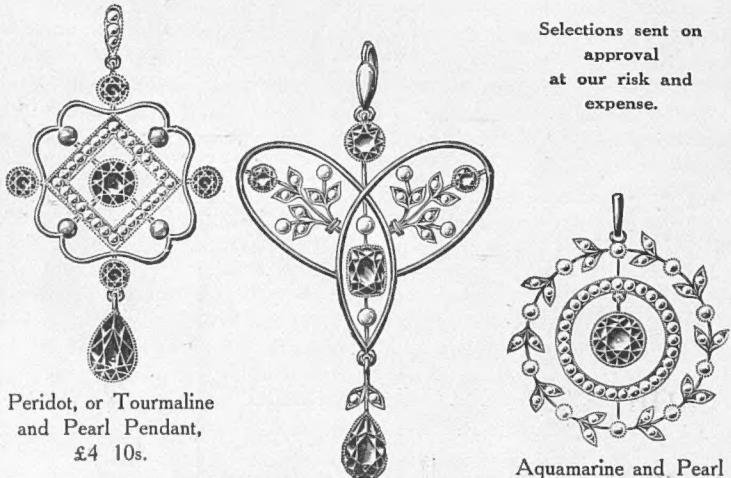
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Aquamarines, Tourmalines, Amethysts, Peridots, &c., &c., set with Fine Oriental White Pearls.



Peridot, or Tourmaline and Pearl Pendant, £4 10s.

Highest quality at lowest prices for cash, or the economical and equitable "Times" system of Monthly Payments is available.

Selections sent on approval at our risk and expense.

Brooch Pendant, Pearls, Tourmaline, and Peridot, £6.

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Long Brooch, Peridot, Pearls and Rubies, £3 10s.

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62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.
And 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.

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You feel a bit out of sorts:—a wonderful tonic.
You feel you have caught a cold:—it takes away that miserable shivery feeling.
You have aches and pains in your back, limbs, and joints:—it dispels the uric acid, the cause of Rheumatism, Sciatica, and Lumbago.
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You are stiff and sore after riding, rowing, tennis, football, polo:—it relieves the stiffness and soothes the soreness.
You think you have got the Gout:—it will often prevent a bad attack.

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The Secret of an Ideal Toilet

Shem-el-Nessim
SCENT OF ARABY Regd.

An Inspiration in Perfume

PERFUME 2s. 16d. & 8s. TOILET WATER 3s. HAIR LOTION 3s. BRILLIANTINE 1s. DENTIFRICE 1s. FACE POWDER 1s. SACHET 6d. SOAP 1s. per tablet. CACHOUS 3d. per box. TOILET CREAM 1s. per pot. BATH CRYSTALS 2s. & 4s.

J. GROSSMITH & SON
DISTILLERS OF PERFUMES
NEWGATE ST LONDON

ROWLAND'S
MACASSAR OIL

EXQUISITE. AROMATIC. HYGIENIC.

The most Wonderful of all Hair Foods.
It supplies the daily waste that goes on in the tissues and prevents premature decay of the

HAIR

It is as invaluable for Children as "grown ups." It gives lustre and tone. It is exquisitely perfumed and is a necessity to the toilet. Use it yourself. Use it for your little ones.

Sold in a Gold Tint for Fair Hair, 3s. 6d. 7/- and 10s. bottles by Stores, Chemists and Rowland's, 67, Hatton Garden, London.

Mem. Get it to-day.

NO HEATING REQUIRED

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INDELIBLE
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OF ALL STATIONERS, CHEMISTS & STORES
NEW METALLIC PEN WITH EVERY BOTTLE
NICKEL LINEN STRETCHER WITH EACH 1/- SIZE
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6d & 1/- BOTTLES

ACTUAL SIZE

THE "NUGGET"

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UNEQUALLED
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FREE FROM ACID OF ANY DESCRIPTION
PRESERVING LEATHER FROM CRACKING
FOR PATENT, GLACÉ KID, BOX
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**A LARGER
"NUGGET"
Boot Polish
TIN**

THE popular "NUGGET" Boot Polishes have attained enormous and world-wide sales, which enable large savings to be effected in the purchase of raw material, etc.

The manufacturers have decided to give the Public a share of these savings.

As they could not improve the QUALITY, they have increased the QUANTITY.

SAME QUALITY — SAME PRICE.

ACTUAL SIZE

THE "NUGGET"

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FOR PATENT, GLACÉ KID, BOX
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LONDON, S.E.

OLD TIN

A Copy of the full Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.
 The Lists are now open, and will close on or before the 16th day of May, 1912.

HARDELLOT DOMAIN, LIMITED

[Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908].

SHARE CAPITAL

£125,000

divided into 500,000 Shares of 5s. each, of which 410,000 will be issued fully paid up to the Vendors in part payment of the purchase consideration.

BOND ISSUE.

£500,000 Six per cent. First Mortgage Bonds,

of which £140,880 will be issued fully paid up to the Vendors in part payment of the purchase consideration.

Offer of £325,000 Six per cent. First Mortgage Bonds

to bearer of £100 and £20 each with Half-yearly Coupons attached for interest at the rate of Six per cent. per annum, at **85 per cent.**

Payments to be made as follows—

On Application...
On Allotment
One Month after Allotment
Two Months "

Per Bond of £100.	Per Bond of £20.
£4 10 0	£0 18 0
40 10 0	8 2 0
20 0 0	4 0 0
20 0 0	4 0 0
£85 0 0	£17 0 0

or the whole may be paid up in full on allotment under discount at the rate of £4 per cent. per annum.

Subscribers for the Bonds will also

(a) receive free profit sharing Certificates in the proportion of ten Certificates for every £100 Bond subscribed for, or two Certificates for every £20 Bond subscribed for. The holders of the Certificates will be entitled to participate equally with Shareholders in the profits of the Company, divisible by way of dividend, one Certificate being for this purpose equivalent to one fully-paid Share; or (b) be entitled to subscribe at par simultaneously with their subscription for the Bonds for Shares in the Company at the rate of twenty-five Shares of 5s. each for every £100 Bond subscribed for, or five Shares for every £20 Bond subscribed for.

The Bonds will be secured by a Trust Deed providing for a specific charge upon the Company's lands, and containing a floating charge on its undertaking and its other assets, both present and future.

The Property to be acquired by the Company (other than the 300 acres—about 1,200,000 square metres—of the Huret Property, upon which the Company acquires an option), is valued by:—

(a) Messrs. Michael Faraday, Rodgers and Eller, of London, at £1,800,000
 (b) Monsieur Henri Triffault, of Paris (Membre de la Société de Topographie Parcellaire de France, et Membre de la Société des Géomètres-Experts de France), who has estimated it at a still higher figure.

In addition the Huret Property, the option to purchase 300 acres of which at the price of £80,000 is acquired by the Company, is valued at 7½ francs per square metre, equivalent to about £372,000.

By virtue of the proposed Trust Deed no Charge on the Company's property can be created ranking in priority to, or *pari passu* with, the Bonds, except with the authority of an extraordinary resolution of the Bondholders, or on property hereafter acquired by the Company to enable the Company to complete the purchase thereof.

Interest on the Bonds will be payable half-yearly on the 15th day of January and the 15th day of July, the first payment for a complete quarter's interest being made on the 15th day of July next.

The Trust Deed will provide that the proceeds of all land sold by the Company, and all moneys received by way of revenue, shall be applied as follows:—

After payment of the expenses connected with the administration and development of the Company's properties, and any mortgages on property hereafter acquired by the Company, the whole of the proceeds, from every source, will be paid to the Trustees, to be applied by them in paying interest on the Bonds, and in redeeming the Bonds by purchase in the market, or by drawings, at par.

On the basis of the above valuations the Bonds are covered more than 3½ times.

No dividend will be paid on the Share Capital until the whole of the moneys required for the redemption of the Bonds has been lodged with the Trustees for the Bond Holders.

The Company reserves the right to redeem any Bonds at par at any time upon giving six calendar months' notice on or after the 15th day of January, 1913. Any Bonds not previously redeemed will be repayable at par on the 31st day of December, 1931.

Scrip Certificates to Bearer exchangeable for Definite Bonds, when fully paid, will be issued by the Company in exchange for Allotment Letters as soon as possible.

TRUSTEES FOR THE BOND HOLDERS.

SIR C. RIVERS WILSON, G.C.M.G., C.B., 9, Berkeley Square, London, W.
 SIR JOHN JACKSON, M.P., 51, Victoria Street, London, S.W. (Chairman of Sir John Jackson, Limited).

DIRECTORS.

THE RT. HON. VISCOUNT CHILSTON, P.C., 113, Mount Street, London, W. (Director of the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company).

SIR FREDERICK HARRISON, Dorney House, Weybridge (Deputy-Chairman of the South-Eastern Railway Company; General Manager of the London and North-Western Railway Company, to 1909).

COLONEL HUGH MONTGOMERIE SINCLAIR, C.B., R.E., Duddingston House, Portobello, Midlothian.

JAMES PERCIVAL HUGHES, The Red House, Pembroke Road, Kensington (Barrister-at-Law).

BANKERS.

LONDON COUNTY & WESTMINSTER BANK, LIMITED, 21, Lombard Street, London, E.C., and Branches.

Head Office:—41, Lothbury, E.C. West End Office:—St. James's Square, S.W.

SOLICITORS.

For the Company—DONALD MC MILLAN & MOTT, 11, Clement's Lane, London, E.C.
 For the Trustees—BATTEN, PROFFITT & SCOTT, 13, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

BROKERS.

WILLIAMS DE BROE & CO., Pinners Hall, and The Stock Exchange, E.C.

AUDITORS.

E. LAYTON BENNETT & CO., 31-32, Broad Street Avenue, London, E.C.

LONDON MANAGER AND SECRETARY.

F. R. KNOLLYS.

OFFICES (Pro. Tem.)—31-32, Broad Street Avenue, London, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed to acquire a large and compact Freehold estate at Hardelot, in the North of France, known as the Hardelot Domain, consisting of about 927½ acres (exclusive of the small portion already disposed of by the Société d'Hardelot) of freehold land (3,754,000 square metres), with a sea frontage of nearly two miles, for the purpose of further development as a Seaside and Country Pleasure Resort. The Company has also obtained an option to purchase on favourable terms a property adjoining the above Domain, consisting of 1,200,000 square metres (about 300 acres), and herein referred to as the Huret property.

The Hardelot Domain is about six miles south of Boulogne-sur-Mer, whence it can easily be reached by train and electric tram, or direct by electric tram, or by road.

The climate is bracing, dry and sunny, and the rainfall is a monthly average of only 2-15 inches.

Although, while the preliminary works were being completed on the Domain the organisation of a far-reaching system for the sale of building land by the appointment of Agents, was not considered desirable by the Société d'Hardelot, the present owners of the bulk of the Domain, yet over £45,000 worth of land has already been disposed of (in 1911 the average price, in the first section now being developed, was twenty-five francs per square metre, or about £4000 per acre). The purchasers of land, either from the Société d'Hardelot or from the other vendors, include the Duke of Argyll, the Hon. President of the Golf Club, who has a beautiful Villa near the links.

Monsieur Louis Blériot, the Aerial Pioneer of the Channel, has purchased 2½ acres of land on the Domain, established a School of Aviation, and erected, upon an additional ¼-acre plot, for which he paid at the rate of £2 per square metre, a Villa for his own use.

Of the Hardelot Domain, about 227½ acres (927,100 square metres) have been set aside for the purpose of (*inter alia*) Golf Links, Marine Parade, Sea Wall, Roads, Walks, and Drives, etc., leaving 700 acres (2,832,900 square metres) as available building land for sale. Of the Huret property, if acquired, 150 acres (600,000 square metres) would be devoted to extension of the Golf Links, Roads, etc., and 150 acres (600,000 square metres) would be available for sale as building land.

Land at Wimereux, Le Touquet, Berck, and Dieppe, has been sold as high as £4, and at Trouville as high as £10 per square metre.

It is estimated that the development and other expenditure both in connection with the land to be acquired by the Company, and the lands of other owners, during the last six years, at Hardelot, have cost about £380,000 (of which amount the Vendors have spent upwards of £148,000), exclusive of the original cost price of the Domain to the Société d'Hardelot. These include the Levelling and Making six miles of Roads, Laying Water Mains, Providing Electric Lighting and the best system of Sanitary Drainage in the North of France, Constructing an Electric Tramway from Boulogne, a Sea Wall about 2000 feet long, a Marine Parade, Golf Links, Tennis Courts, Telegraphs and Telephones, a Church, a large, well-furnished Hotel, and nine well-furnished Villas,

also eighty other substantial buildings, including Villas, Shops, etc., fifty of which have been erected, and thirty are now in course of construction.

If the low sum of £1 per square metre were obtained as an average price for sites on the 2,832,900 square metres of building land, the amount realised would be £2,832,900. The property which the Company is acquiring, however, includes not only the building land, but also the valuable concessions, rights and privileges referred to in the accompanying "Description, Schedules, and General Information," with the 227½ acres (927,100 square metres) of land reserved, as above indicated, for Roads, Golf Links, etc.

Practical evidence of how Hardelot's many advantages are appreciated by those who have resided there, and of the consequent rapidly-increasing value of building sites, is afforded by the fact that land was re-sold in 1911 at 24s. per square metre, which had previously been purchased by the owners from the Société d'Hardelot at 12s.; other land was re-sold in 1911 at 28s. per square metre, which had previously been purchased by the owners from the Société d'Hardelot at 10s. per square metre; other land was sold in 1911 at £2 per square metre, which had previously been purchased from the Société d'Hardelot at 27s., and the same purchaser who paid the Société d'Hardelot £12s. per square metre in 1910, paid £2 8s. per square metre for similar land, in the same zone, in 1911.

Although the Valuation of the whole of the Domain (which includes buildings, roads, etc.) works out at the low average of 12s. 9d. per metre of the 2,832,900 square metres of available building land, and the valuation of the 600,000 square metres of available building land, on the Huret property, is at the low average price of 6s. 2d. per square metre, land has already been sold by the Société d'Hardelot at £2 8s. per square metre, as above stated.

It is confidently anticipated that the receipts during the first three years will amount to at least £360,000, made up as follows:—

300,000 square metres of land during the first three years at the average price of £1 per square metre	£300,000
Receipts from the Granting of Concessions, Rights and Privileges and from the Rents and Profits of the Hotels, Villas, Grand Cercle, Tramway Shares, and other Properties to be acquired by the Company during the first three years	60,000
	£360,000

Equivalent to average Annual Receipts of £120,000

In subsequent years the receipts should largely increase.

It is proposed to secure the services of Mr. John R. Whitley as General Manager of the Company for a fixed period of seven years. Mr. Whitley was the founder and organiser of the first four National Exhibitions at Earl's Court, viz., those of America, Italy, France and Germany. He was also the founder and first manager of the popular seaside resort called Le Touquet (further down the coast), which he left in order to acquire and develop Hardelot, and has since managed this Domain, which, in his opinion, possesses the most unique situation for a first-class Seaside and Country Pleasure Resort to be found anywhere in the North of Europe.

The present issue, if fully subscribed, will realise in cash which sum will be appropriated as follows:—

To Cash in part payment of the Properties	£153,600
Preliminary expenses	10,000
Brokerage, stamps on Contracts and Conveyances estimated at, approximately	6,000
Duty payable to French Government, and Notarial fees	26,000
	£195,800

Leaving for working capital, the purchase of the Huret Property, etc., £80,450.

The improvements in the Company's properties, which this working capital will permit, should be quickly reflected in the increased prices obtained from the sale of sites, as well as from annual revenue.

The Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and the originals or copies of the above-mentioned agreements and reports, can be inspected at the offices of Messrs. Donald McMillan and Mott, the Solicitors to the Company, at any time during business hours on the days on which the Subscription List is open.

A brokerage of one-quarter per cent. will be paid on allotments made in respect of applications for Bonds bearing a broker's or approved agent's stamp.

Applications for a special settlement in, and quotation of, the Bonds will in due course be made to the Committee of the London Stock Exchange.

Applications should be made on the form accompanying this Prospectus, and forwarded to the Company's Bankers, together with a cheque for the amount payable on application.

Full Prospectuses (upon the terms of which applications will alone be received) and Forms of Application may be obtained from the Bankers, Brokers and Solicitors of the Company, and at the Company's London offices (*pro tem.*)

London, May 11th, 1912.

THIS APPLICATION FORM MAY BE USED.

This form should be sent to the Bankers of the Co. London County & Westminster Bank, Ltd., 21, Lombard St., E.C., together with a Cheque for the amount payable on application.

HARDELLOT DOMAIN, LIMITED.

Issue of £500,000 Six per Cent. First Mortgage Bonds to Bearer. In Bonds of £100 and £20 at 85 per cent.

To the Directors of the above-named Company.

Strike out which ever amount is inapplicable.

Gentlemen,—Having paid to your Bankers the sum of £....., being a deposit of £4 10s. od. * per Bond on application for..... of the above-mentioned Bonds of £100 * each, I request you to allot me that number of Bonds on the terms of your Prospectus dated the 11th day of May, 1912. And I hereby agree to take the same or any smaller number that may be allotted to me, and to pay the balance of £..... * by the instalments provided for in the said Prospectus.

Name (in full)

Address (in full)

Profession or Business

Date

Signature

Having also paid to your Bankers the sum of £....., being the price at par of..... Shares of the Company of 5s. each, I hereby request you to allot me that number of Shares upon the terms and conditions of the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I authorise you to place my name on the Register of members in respect of the said Shares.

Date

Signature

Cheques should be made payable to Bearer and specially crossed with the name of the London County and Westminster Bank, Ltd. A separate cheque must accompany each application.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

The Cost of Learning to Fly. From time to time I have been interrogated as to the cost of learning to fly, but until the other day no quotation or tariff of the various schools of aviation had reached me. At the moment, however, I have before me a prospectus of the Grahame-White School of Flying, which is installed at the Hendon Aviation Ground, and by which I note that the fee for complete tuition is only £75. By complete tuition is meant a hammering away at the job until the pupil is sufficiently proficient to take the Royal Aero Club's pilot certificate, and while acquiring this by no means negligible amount of skill the pupil's liability is absolutely limited to the amount of the above-quoted fee. The school also takes the responsibility for all breakages and indemnifies pupils against third-party risks. The tuition is carried out under the personal supervision of Mr. Grahame-White, who is assisted by practised aviators of the calibre of Messrs. Hucks and Lewis-Turner.

The A.A. Hotels—Starred. While in the Michelin Guide we find the quality of the hotels indicated by a plurality of little gables, those appearing in the list in the new A.A. and M.U. handbook are classified by stars. At least, those that have been inspected and approved are so distinguished, having from one to five stars apiece. The major number portends something perhaps too luxurious and costly for the man of moderate means, who will, I fancy, from what I know of the houses so qualified, find all the ease and comfort he requires or can afford at the three-starred hosteries. It would be interesting to know what method has been adopted in settling the qualifications. If by the light of members' reports, then much variation may be expected, for in the shape of hotels—particularly motorists' hotels—that of which one man approves is anathema to another. Also one member may strike a good day in the matter of a menu, while another may arrive when the larder is scantily provided. The club or association that provides for the inspection of hotels and reports upon them by qualified people who can form their opinion by a certain agreed standard will deserve well of its members, and will find that its hotel recommendations will really carry weight.

Two Shows. There was clearly a touch of method in the apparent madness of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders when they rented the Agricultural Hall for the period of their annual show this year at Olympia. It was

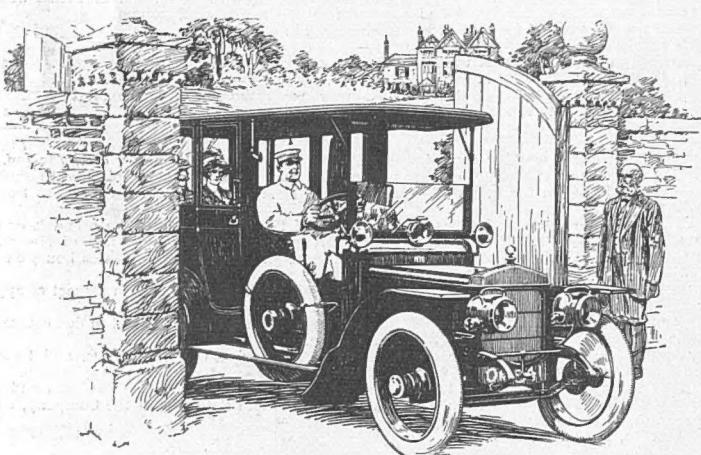
suggested that this was done to prevent any speculative competition, or (whisper it under the breath!) to commandeer the only place where the newcomers among the Americans could hope to show. But it now transpires that the old Hall up Islington way, which has been the scene of so many and such varied shows, is to be used as an overflow exhibition during the Olympia dates. Unless some particular steps are taken to endow the exhibition at the Agricultural Hall with some special attraction, one will feel sorry for the exhibitors who are relegated to the cold shades of the North London building.

No Fear Among Fliers. The general public who admire a real man, and aviators all, will rejoice at the report to

the effect that the hero aviator, Jules Vedrines, is likely to recover from the serious injuries he sustained lately close to Paris. When the danger attending mechanical flight is mooted to any gathering of airmen, they will be found quite persistent in the assertion that aviation is one of the safest forms of locomotion or progress known, and that such accidents as do happen are due to the shortcomings of the human unit. To hearken for a while to the conversation which obtains with the little flying coterie which foregathers at the comfortable little club near the great track, one would, but for the unhappy fatalities one recalls, be led to suppose that a man 1000 feet aloft on an aeroplane was as safe as a child in its cradle. It is well for the progress of the movement that these big-hearted men can take this view of their perilous pastime. For perilous it assuredly is, though they discount the fact never so hardily.

The Return of Stanley.

All motorists who feel any gratitude for past services rendered to the movement will rejoice to find the Hon. Arthur Stanley, M.V.O., M.P., back in his old place as Chairman of the Royal Automobile Club. No better man could be found for the post, for he has lived in the thick of the movement since its earliest days, and has, unlike some others of its outwardly avowed Parliamentary friends, championed it valiantly in and out of the House of Commons. It is to be regretted, of course, that the calls upon the public time of H.S.H. the Duke of Teck should have compelled his resignation from the chairmanship of the most powerful automobile association in the world, but the regret of the members will be in a measure staunched by the reflection that the Duke vacates the position in favour of so enthusiastic and hard-working a chairman as "Arthur Stanley." There will be no necessity to urge "On, Stanley, on"; the stimulus of the present head of the Club will be felt down through every Committee.



THE CONVENIENT CAR.

MANy people who have been tied down to a mile radius from the nearest railway station find that the motor-car enables them to live as far away in the country as they wish, and with much less inconvenience than before.

IT makes them independent of railway time-tables and the many discomforts of railway travel, if the car is reliable. From Piccadilly to Penang, from Buenos Aires to the Champs Elysées, the sleeve-valve Daimler is the fashionable car; and the reason lies in its reliability. Nothing—not even a motor-car—can remain popular if it is not *really* good, and the huge list of Daimler owners is convincing proof of the quality and reliability which are inherent virtues of all Daimler products.

If you are interested in the new Daimler Motor, what it has done and what it can do, write to Coventry for a parcel of explanatory literature.

Daimler

"WHITE-CROSS" MOTOR-CAR POLICIES.

Unlimited Repairs without Estimate or Consent

Free Legal Defence



Full Insured Value Paid in Cash if Car destroyed

Unlimited Indemnity

FULL PARTICULARS FROM
any Lloyd's Broker
OR
THE WHITE CROSS INSURANCE ASSOCIATION
(FOR THE INSURANCE OF MOTOR CARS AT LLOYD'S)

1, CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C. & 13A, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.

The Title of these Policies has been changed from "Red-Cross" to "White-Cross" owing to the requirements of the "Geneva Convention Act, 1911," which prohibit the use of the red cross as a Trade Mark.

The new Policies embrace all the benefits of the "Red-Cross" Policy and many additional advantages.